THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XL. No. 1017 [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1950 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

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The Issue in Formosa

THE zig-zag line of United States policy in the Far East provokes one sensation after another. From moving with General MacArthur towards the general embroilment of a world war it now retreats, if tentatively, with President Truman's rebuke to the General and his statement that the United States has "no designs on Formosa." The retreat so far may not be far enough to ensure a peaceful settlement of the Formosan issue; for the moment, however, the gains are not small, and afford better grounds for hope in a reasonable course of action than anything that has happened for a long time.

These important, if tentative, gains are three. The first is that President Truman has publicly accepted the challenge of the Republican hotheads and of General MacArthur, and thereby brought into the full light of public discussion the months-old battle between the State Department and the Pentagon. General MacArthur, in line with the American Chiefs of Staff, wants permanent bases in Formosa; the President, at least for the time being, has declared that this is not his policy. If the President holds firm, General MacArthur's private war will not take place. The second gain—and it is one for which the pressure of opinion in Britain may be partly thanked—is that the White House has likewise admitted in public that "members of the United Nations have different points of view regarding Formosa"—an admission which everyone understands will apply to other members than the Soviet Union and its partners. And the third gain, perhaps the most significant of all, is that the United States has now agreed that Formosa shall be discussed by the United Nations. Three days before Mr. Malik placed Formosa on the agenda at Lake Success, Mr. Warren Austin, the American delegate, wrote to Mr. Trygve Lie that "we would approve full United Nations investigation here and on the spot," and to this acceptance Mr. Truman has now given his personal support.

Ultimately, no doubt, these gains are evidence that nobody in the Western world outside the confines of a narrow, if exceedingly powerful, group in the United States is prepared to march into World War Three behind the uninviting banner of MacArthur and his Republican friends. There is now at least time for reflection. By denouncing MacArthur and accepting United Nations investigation, President Truman has given himself a peaceful way out which, if he cares to seize it sincerely and realistically, will not only lose him no face but will greatly add to his repute. If he stands courageously for a reasonable settlement of the inflamed Formosan issue, he need scarcely fear the results of next November's elections to the Congress.

Time for reflection, of course, is of no help by itself. It needs to be used. The fate that attends efforts to defeat Communism in Asia on present American lines is illustrated by events in the Philippines, whose background is described by a correspondent on a later page. With dollars and war material pouring in, the Philippine Government decided to send 5,000 troops to Korea. The Hukbalahap partisans retorted by raids only 12 miles from the American air base at Clark Field.

What compromise should be aimed at by the United Nations in general and the British Government in particular? In the end, as everything proves more surely day by day, there will be no lasting settlement in the Far East until the unpleasant charade that is being played with Chiang Kai-shek is brought to an end, the People's Government of China is recognised *de facto* and *de jure* by the United States, and the representative of that Government takes his rightful place on the Security Council. It may be too much to expect Washington to go as far as that in one long step. But it was only on January 5 last that Mr. Acheson, speaking *ex cathedra*, dismissed as "a lawyer's quibble" the argument that "the United States could intervene in Formosa because it might technically be regarded as a part of the occupied enemy territory of Japan," and added that "the United States was not going to get involved in any way in the Chinese conflict in Formosa." Since then, it is true, the people who "want to get it all over by using the atom bomb" have been hard at work. Indeed, apart from his attempt (too late) to suppress General MacArthur's inflammatory message to the Veterans, President Truman has had to disavow a speech by the U.S. Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Francis Matthews, who argued that the United States should, at need, become "aggressors for peace," even if that meant initiating war.

Yet the consideration of Formosa by the United Nations must surely imply that the Peking Government will be heard. Its delegation is already named. Supposing it to be unrealistic to expect Washington to revert to its standpoint of last January, immediately renounce the bases on Formosa, of which General MacArthur openly boasts, and hand the island to its rightful owners, even so there is ground for believing that a sensible compromise is

possible. The first part of this programme—American evacuation—might possibly be combined with a form of United Nations trusteeship which, with the Peking Government as the principal trustee, would ensure provisionally that Formosa is maintained as neutral and demilitarised territory. But this compromise, if it is to be fruitful, must satisfy both sides—must satisfy, that is, not only a majority of the United Nations as in the case of Korea, but also China.

TO OUR READERS

Owing to the trade dispute which has arisen between the London Master Printers' Association and the London Society of Compositors, affecting all periodicals produced in the metropolitan area, it has been necessary suddenly to advance the printing day of the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION and to curtail some of its usual features.

The dispute—to which this journal, like other periodicals, is in no sense a direct party—arose last year, when the L.S.C. imposed restrictions on overtime work in L.M.P.A. establishments, in consequence of the lack of progress in negotiations for a revision of wage rates. At the employers' instance, the Minister of Labour referred the wage issue to the National Arbitration Tribunal; but, before the Tribunal met, the L.S.C. intimated that the wage claim (9s. 9d. a week) which it had originally made must be regarded as withdrawn. Nevertheless, the Tribunal awarded a wage increase of 3s. 6d. a week, to become effective on the withdrawal of restrictions on overtime work.

The restrictions continued. There were, it is understood, informal talks between the two sides about the resumption of negotiations; but the L.M.P.A. declined to meet the L.S.C. unless and until overtime restrictions were lifted. Last week, additional restrictions were imposed by the L.S.C.; and on Monday, August 28, the L.M.P.A. announced that they would terminate the employment, as from noon, August 30, of all men who refused to give assurances that they would work in accordance with the "normal conditions" in the trade. The enforcement, they argued, of the present restrictive practices was a breach of contract, and they were not prepared to negotiate "under duress."

On this point Mr. Willis, General Secretary of the L.S.C., informs us that it is not true that his Society expects the employers to negotiate under duress, but that, on the other hand, his Society cannot be expected to drop the restrictions on overtime without some guarantee of the lines on which the negotiations would proceed. The vital question, he says, is the stabilisation of the wages of members of the L.S.C.; and the Society could not forget that in recent negotiations the employers had insistently attempted to relate the working conditions of the L.S.C. to what they anticipated or feared other Unions in the industry would claim.

In these circumstances, we still trust that the Minister of Labour can find a formula to avert a stoppage and pave the way for a settlement. Meanwhile, we take this opportunity of asking for the indulgence of our readers and our advertisers for any delays or shortcomings in the production of the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION in the circumstances which have arisen.

What Do the Russians Think of It?

THE Korean War is in its third month; and although we have been hearing all this time that "Russia is behind it," that it is all going to lead to a Third World War, and, perhaps to the End of the World, and that, if that happens, it will all have been the fault of the Russians, not a single paper in the West has, to my knowledge, taken the trouble to find out what the Russians really think about it, and what they intend to do. Phrases about "Soviet Imperialism" are being recklessly thrown around; visions are conjured up of 175 Soviet divisions marching into Western Europe; and there the matter ends. One looks in vain for a critical analysis of Russian aims or even of the Russian point of view.

My experience of Russia has taught me that Soviet home propaganda, which, unlike so much of their foreign propaganda, is extremely shrewd, has nearly always acted with due regard for public sentiment; it has always tried to build up, as it were, a public sentiment that already existed or was, at any rate, potentially there. When this sentiment was lacking—as was, for instance, the case at the time of the Soviet-German Pact of 1939—the propaganda itself sounded deliberately tepid. But on a number of fundamental points there is to-day, without the slightest doubt, an absolute national unity and solidarity in the Soviet Union. There is unanimity in the desire for peace. There is unanimous hatred of America. There is a tremendous fellow-feeling for China and Korea.

When I say "hatred for America," the phrase should, of course, be qualified; in principle, there is no hatred for "the American people" (that would be most un-Marxist), but just as, during the war, Communist doctrine never ceased to distinguish between the German people and the Hitler regime, whereas public sentiment temporarily identified the two, so to-day "America," "Truman" and "Wall Street" are, in the popular mind, all more or less thrown into the same bag. The "betrayal" of Henry Wallace has strengthened the feeling that there are mighty few "good Americans"—except, of course, the Negroes. Paul Robeson is about the only prominent American who's any good at all.

Russia went through years of appalling human suffering during the war, and these memories are still fresh. To see war return to Russia is what the Soviet Government will try to avoid at almost any price. It is not enough to say that in a country like Russia everybody behaves as he is told. For the 115 million people—*i.e.*, the whole adult population—who signed the Stockholm Appeal did so undoubtedly with the most profound personal conviction that they were doing so for the good of their country and for the good of their own brothers and children. There is no suggestion of faking in the letters published in the press from thousands of workers, peasants and other ordinary people. Here, for example, is a letter from a peasant writing from a village near Kharkov:

> So they have started another war? But do they know what war means? If, in 1941, the bombs had fallen not on Kiev but on New York, they would know what war meant. If the mothers of American soldiers had gone grey with tears and grief as my mother, Maria Ilyinishna has done, if the American soldier, coming home, had found that there was no home, if he wanted as passionately as I do to live and work in my peaceful country, no bombs would today be dropping on to the peaceful towns and villages of Korea. Humanity will never forgive these criminal degenerates the bombs they are now dropping . . .

Half the press is filled with letters like this; some are sent collectively, others individually. The nation-wide "peace movement" takes various other forms, too. A new Stakhanovite movement for higher output has been started in all factories; the new shock-workers are called "peace sentries," and the State appears to be getting a big return on this nation-wide passion for peace. The stage and the film industry are all working "for peace"; writers and composers, who were, for a long time, under a cloud have rehabilitated themselves by joining whole-heartedly in the peace movement. Anna Akhmatova recently published a collection of poems with "peace throughout the Russian land" as its central emotional theme, and Prokofiev has composed a *Peace Oratorio* for children's choir, in which, besides the themes of a happy future for Russia and the immense vitality of her young generation, the most sardonic Prokofievism is allowed free rein in the treatment of the "Wall Street Sharks." Opportunism?—no, hardly. Around this symbol of peace a kind of national solidarity, in which all past differences are sunk, has crystallised in Russia to-day—a solidarity remarkably like that which existed during the war years.

There is another important point worth remembering. By Russian standards Russia to-day is becoming increasingly prosperous. In the last five years an immense amount of reconstruction has been done; food is more plentiful than it has ever been, and although, in the large cities, housing is still bad, there is no serious shortage of consumer goods. Agricultural output is high, and this year's harvest is, in the main, excellent. In short, the Government's promise, after the war, of better living conditions is being kept, and the imagination of the people—especially of the young generation—is stirred by the gigantic afforestation plan, which appears to be making good progress, and by such schemes as the newly-announced Kuibyshev hydro-electric plant, which, with its 10 milliard kwh per year, will be "the largest in the world." "That's what we Soviet people do at a time when the whole capitalist world is seized by war psychosis," *Pravda* wrote on August 23.

Moscow, meantime, is building skyscrapers (to avoid this Americanism, they are called "high-structures"), which does not suggest that Stalin is seriously expecting atom bombs to be dropped on Moscow. But that is not because the Americans are believed to be tender-hearted. The Russians are convinced that Truman, or MacArthur—especially MacArthur—as well as Churchill would drop them on

Moscow without turning a hair, if it were not that public sentiment, not so much in America, but certainly in Western Europe, is about 100 per cent. opposed to it, partly out of sentiment, partly out of a spirit of self-preservation. Occasionally, one sees references in the Russian press to the Soviet atom bomb, but this is praised for one thing only—for having "put an end to America's atomic blackmail." For the rest, Soviet civilisation is praised for its "humanism," precisely because, unlike American civilisation, it has never admitted the principle of using "human D.D.T."

Korea seems, for all that, to have given the Russians a fright, and the impression one gains is that, in future, the Russians will be extremely careful to avoid anything that the Americans might treat as a provocation. They are convinced that very important and influential interests in America want war—and the sooner the better. But, at the same time, they are convinced that none of America's allies is feeling in the least bloodthirsty. And the Russians feel that, as the threat of war grows, so the United States will become more and more isolated, with anti-war sentiment rapidly growing, not only in France and Italy, but also in Britain. In cartoons, articles, and all other forms of propaganda, Truman, MacArthur, and even the G.I.s in Korea are treated with the utmost ferocity, with nothing to equal it since the German invasion of Russia; whereas the British and French Governments are largely ignored. But, on the other hand, a lot of nice things are said about the French and British *people* who, the Russians are told, are, in the main, nice, peace-loving people, "just like ourselves."

(*To be concluded.*)

Paris. ALEXANDER WERTH

Manila Smells

(*By a Correspondent*)

"A DEPRESSION stretches from the Gulf of Tonkin to Southern Honshu. Forecast: strong southernly winds, gusting at times, rain." That's what the weather information reads like in August, and any one taking plane or ship from Hongkong this time of year had better have a strong stomach: in spite of the pretty Filipino hostess, the flight to Manila is unpleasant and you are thankful to be on the ground walking under the big umbrella provided by Philippine Air Lines to the Customs Shed on Manila Field. Five minutes later you wish you were back in the plane, however bumpy. A horde of Customs officials has descended upon you and your luggage, and are tearing it to pieces. Just in time, a friend arrives, says a voluble "Hello" to the man in charge of the ten men going through your luggage, slips over a few Bank notes, and suddenly your luggage is miraculously passed through without any charges and any fuss. Now where have I gone through a similar experience? That's right; it was Shanghai, not so long ago. And after a week's stay I am now quite certain that Chiang Kai-shek's message to the world has taken firm root in Manila. The Filipinos have learned every trick from the old Kuomintang Government, and have added a few touches of their very own to the "Big Squeeze."

The signs at the Manila Hotel reading "Please check your guns at the cloakroom" have multiplied since my visit six months ago, and the local night clubs are displaying them as well. Every man who can afford one owns an automatic, and most people carry them. Nobody drives at night out of the city, and few care to drive even in the city in the early hours of the morning. From the American air base at Clark Field, forty miles outside Manila, passengers are brought back and forth in well-armed jeep convoys. The precautions are not only taken against the Communist Hukbalahaps—Huks for short—but also against the Government militia, who sometimes go berserk, and against common or garden highwaymen who are found abundantly in this badly policed country.

The Huks, who recently changed their name to the "People's Liberation Army," cause exactly the same arguments in Manila bars as Mao Tse-tung's Communists used to cause in Shanghai clubs. Are they Communists, or are they just an Agrarian Reform Movement? Are they acting on instructions from Moscow, or are they working on their own? Are they getting money from China, or do they live on what they can get in "taxes" from the peasants and villages they control? I got no straight answers to any of these questions, but I think it would be wrong to draw too close a parallel with the Chinese situation as it was, say, in 1947.

Originally the Huks were a resistance movement against the Japanese. Their leader, then as now, was Luis Taruc, a man about whom many stories are told but very little is known. He is supposed to have had some training in Moscow, but this story I could never verify. Anyhow, initially he does not seem to have been a Communist. Although his programme always included a measure of land reform, the thought of socialisation of industries seemed never to have occurred to him. The Huks were given guerrilla training by American specialists dropped behind the Japanese lines, and did a very good job of fighting the Japanese during the war. After the war, they were not given any recognition, and none of them were paid the bonuses due to them as members of the army; the old clique, who had collaborated passively with the enemy, started to run the country and got fat rewards.

This simple fact and a common hate for the Catholic Church seem to be the basis on which the Huk movement is formed; and although every now and then Taruc preaches a little about the good of the country, his followers care much more about getting some practical economic results than about any ideology. This, in one way, makes them easier to lead but, in another, it also simplifies the problem facing the Philippine Republic. Local residents with contacts among the Huks (this includes many of the larger merchants supplying the Huks with materials) are convinced that if someone (tacitly assumed to be the Americans) forked out U.S.$30,000,000 and paid off the Huks, at the same time getting some semblance of order into the Government, Taruc would find himself without an army. This may be true; the Filipinos have learned a great deal in the last 50 years, but loyalty to an idea may still be beyond them. Also, they are indolent people who would much rather sit under a banana tree than fight.

In islands with only 20,000,000 inhabitants, of which an estimated 50,000 belong actively to the Huks, the problem is a very much smaller one than the one that faced China. But it is an urgent one; and if the Americans do not do something about it in a hurry the "Eastern Cominform" certainly will. The first thing to do is to get rid of the Quirino Government and raise the wages paid to the civil servants and the police, who are now getting next to nothing and thus are forced to take bribes. The next thing is to launch land reform, and do something about the disgraceful state of the cities. Someone described Manila as "a very small city, set into a very large slum." Even Shanghai squatters live better than nine-tenths of Manila's population, and only in Calcutta have I seen worse dirt and worse overcrowding. In "buildings" measuring seven feet by five, made from war-surplus corrugated iron sheets and a little bamboo, without water or sanitation of any kind, live anything up to 20 people, with the steady rain of the monsoon dripping in and the open sewers creating a peculiar Manila smell.

Not all Filipinos live like this. There is Senator Avelino, for instance, who, in an inquiry in 1948, admitted that his bank account had grown from U.S.$3,000 in 1945 to U.S.$500,000. The Senator refused to disclose how he got the money or his beautiful palatial home, which cost more than U.S.$100,000. The Senator blithely ran for President in the last election and nobody saw anything peculiar in that. Of course there is no secret about how the Senator got his money. When the Americans pulled out of the Philippines they left behind them the biggest dump of war-surplus material in the world. This was almost given away to the new State and was sold at good prices by all sorts of people—with the Government, legislators, and civil servants getting a fat rake-off. When the revenue from this source ceased, tremendous bribes were taken from rich Chinese who wanted to secure visas to enter the Philippines.

The Filipinos, like many South-east Asian people, are violently anti-Chinese; in fact, there are even Chinese pogroms in the smaller cities. Chinese are barred from owning lands and are being squeezed out of many trades—to the detriment of the islands, as the Chinese work harder than anyone else. Last year, a further lucrative field was tapped by the Filipino Government when import-export controls were imposed and the peso became a controlled currency. The Government is now doing a roaring business in the selling of import and export licences, and is getting a cut from the black-market remittances of pesos which, to Hongkong alone, amount to more than a million U.S. dollars per week. No wonder Kuomintang

Ministers retired in Switzerland and South America look with envy and some respect at the Philippine Republic.

However, American money and Quirino's replacement alone will not completely solve anything. The Philippines were Spanish for a long time, and the Catholic Church through its Orders still has a stranglehold on the country. Here the Jesuits are still a power in the land, and unfortunately not a power for good. They are militantly pro-Franco politically, and economically they own much land which would be affected by any land reform. They also own one of the largest banks in Manila (very active in the black market) and control almost all education in the Islands. In their short-sighted fashion they encourage the Government's policy of "unconditional surrender" *vis-à-vis* the Huks, being mortally afraid that land reform will loosen their hold on the country. The Americans will either have to convince them of the error of their ways or else break their power, neither of which will be an easy task with 50 million Catholics heckling them from across the Pacific. But it will have to be done if the Philippines are to remain within the American orbit of power.

Manila, August 17.

London Diary

THE only point in Mr. Churchill's broadcast that was worthy of himself or of the occasion was his remark that, before this, an effort should have been made on the highest level to find some agreement with Stalin. None of his detailed charges stand real examination. Take, for example, the allegation of confusion and delay in sending troops from Hong Kong to Korea. The answer is that it is bad and mad to send young National Service men with no training into such a battlefield, and that the period since the fighting began has been used to draft further Regulars to Hong Kong so that Britain is now sending units of the Middlesex Regiment and Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders that are composed, up to three-quarters of their members, of seasoned troops. Mr. Churchill must have known this. His statement about firms making machine tools for Russia seems not to be supported by Mr. Craven who says that he has been making such goods for Russia for twenty years, wishes to go on, but recently began to have doubts about whether he ought to. Mr. Churchill made it sound as if the Board of Trade were deliberately promoting sales of such tools to Russia. Then there is a question of jet planes. In condemning the export of jets, Mr. Churchill must have intended either that the industry should be cut down to very small dimensions (which I take it he does not suggest) or that all the output of the factories should have been bought by the British Government. That would have meant that the Air Estimates would have been very much higher. In answer to that it is enough to point out that during the period that Mr. Churchill refers, he was not, as Leader of the Tory Party, asking for more to be spent on arms; he was sponsoring a drastic reduction of taxation! I cannot find that anything remains of Mr. Churchill's speech when you examine it except a mood of annoyance that his scheme for again making himself a war Premier has so far been frustrated.

* * *

Who are the Listeners' Association? And how does one become a member? Apart from the fact that Lord Craigavon, whose name suggests the dizziest height of Conservatism, is President, I know nothing of this organisation. But George Wigg, a highly responsible and level-headed Member of Parliament, asserted in *Reynold's* last week that the steady deterioration of the B.B.C. in all controversial matters is due to the pressure of this Listeners' Association. He does not lay blame on the B.B.C. staff, but, he claims, that there is a pressure which someone or other in authority finds it wise not to resist. He quotes a whole series of cases in which the reality is taken from the controversy. Equally important, he takes the example of certain economists who are now given a sort of above the battle prestige, as if somehow or other they spoke for the science of economics and had no political axe to grind, whereas in truth they are merely anti-Socialist pontificators. Mr. Wigg raises a point which goes home when he says that he sees no reason why we who hold different points of view should not form a Democratic Listening Association. If the policy is to be decided by pressure groups it is our fault if we don't exercise pressure.

* * *

U. Ohn, the first Burmese Ambassador to London is now accredited to the Soviet Union. Moscow can teach him very little about the wicked imperialists; he lived under British rule in his own country, and worked for its independence in his student days. He is an omnivorous reader, and like many of his compatriots when they visited London for negotiations with the British Government, finds himself much more at home among the book boxes in Charing Cross Road than in the social functions at the Court of St. James. He is a careful student of Marx, and a great admirer of Mao Tse-tung, whose *New Democracy* is the only serious attempt that any Communist has made to apply the principles of Marx to the different conditions of countries in Asia. U. Ohn was a familiar and much-loved figure in England during the war. When independence came, as he always believed it would, he hoped to return to his village and study social conditions, and the needs of the peasants. Instead—I had the pleasure of travelling to Burma on the same plane with him—he was immediately thrown into the confusion of political life as Private Secretary to the Prime Minister Thakin Nu, with whom he had worked in early days in the struggle for independence. Later, he was Minister for Economics and Trade, and then returned, much to our joy, as Ambassador in London. The eternal student, he will now have a wonderful opportunity to see how Marxism works out in practice in the U.S.S.R. Provided of course that he can wander about freely, inconspicuously, as he has always done in this country.

* * *

Amongst the qualifications for inclusion in the British cricket team chosen for Australia, *The Times* mentions, in one case "the valuable quality of a sense of humour." This is an intriguing innovation. Most teams, I'm sure, would have done better for including Tommy Handley as eleventh man, but I suspect something much more revolutionary than laughter among the boys is intended. In American football the crowds shout their loudest at critical moments in the hope of putting off dangerous opponents. In baseball, all the players hurl encouragement or insults at each other all the time. I assume that the M.C.C., piqued by frequent demands for brighter cricket, has decided on a more subtle form of the same technique. A really good humorist at point or mid-on will certainly increase a batsman's difficulties. The apt comment as the ball rises sharply from the pitch, threatening the batsman in a tender place, will tend to make him lose his temper if not his wicket. Just the right wisecrack as he opens his shoulders will just ensure that failure to get hold of the ball which produces a catch in the long field instead of a six. The most strategic position of all for the team comedian would, I suggest, be that of wicket-keeper. There will be few batsmen even in the Dominion side who will remain steady if, just at the critical moment, the wicket-keeper insists on telling limericks about the young lady of Australia.

CRITIC

JUST IN CASE

LINES WRITTEN IN DOUBT

Storm and strife in the printing trade,
Clouds have gathered, and hope must fade,
Silence falls till a truce is made.
The weekly press gives a strangled cry,
The rift is wide and the end is nigh—
Good-bye, weeklies! Good-bye! Good-bye!

Strike or lockout it matters not!
We cross the Ts and the Is we dot,
The copy check, and the last page blot.
Whatever the wherefore and the why,
The gag comes down and the voices die!
Good-bye to *Punch!* Good-bye! Good-bye!

Silence falls on the weekly press,
Up go signals of distress,
Arbitration meets no success.
A common doom makes a mutual tie,
So, while we do not see eye to eye,
Good-bye, *Economist!* Good-bye!

Though editors plead and readers rage,
Men and masters in strife engage,
And nothing's left but an empty page.
The type is scattered, the ink is dry!
For silenced colleagues we spare a sigh!
Good-bye, *Spectator!* Good-bye! Good-bye!

The Editor must lay down his pen,
And leave the world to newspapermen.
(God help the world till he writes again!)
Contributions are piling high,
Correspondents await reply—
Good-bye, readers! Good-bye! Good-bye!
Good-bye forever! (or until next week?)
Good-bye! Good-bye!

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Gifts of tulip bulbs are being sent to gaols as part of a drive by the National Gardens Guild to brighten up prisons for the Festival of Britain.—*Daily Mirror.* (H. G. Whatley.)

Lectures by marriage guidance experts to soldiers and WRAC girls have proved so successful that Army commands all over Britain have asked the War Office to send teams of lecturers to their troops. . . . Separate courses for officers and other ranks are held, but the basis is the same.—*Star.* (Geo. P. Woods.)

Brigade Orders issued in an Oxfordshire camp. . . . "With immediate effect, the following Officers' and Other Ranks' Quarters will be re-designated as indicated: Smolensk, Wavell; Kharkov, Wilson; Melitopol, Cunningham; Orel, Auchinleck; Stalingrad, Fisher."—*Daily Worker.* (W. H. Pearson.)

Asked what week-end engagements he had had, Lord Provost Warren said that he had long promised to welcome the Bertram Mills Circus to Glasgow and had it not been for that he certainly would have been present at the freedom ceremony to the American Ambassador to-day.—*Glasgow Evening Times.* (B. Cina.)

Quaker Seminar

SPENDING recently a couple of weeks in Switzerland I was puzzled by three things. The first is the puzzle of Switzerland itself. Here is a country of 4½ million people most of which is uninhabitable, with the consequence that the remainder is more thickly populated than Britain. The land is not particularly fertile and, with the exception of water power, there are no valuable natural resources —no iron, no coal, no precious metals. The sea is several hundred miles away. Yet the Swiss have the highest standard of living of any people in the world, higher even than the people of the U.S.A. During my stay I saw neither slums nor beggars, and I did not meet an ill-dressed person. Here at least was one country in which the poor are not "always with us," for the poor, it seems, do not exist.

I went over a farm of between 35 and 40 acres which provides five persons, four men and the farmer, not to speak of their families, with a good living. It possessed an elaborately extensive set of farm buildings, and its high degree of mechanisation included a combine harvester. In England, to support five men and to justify an equivalent degree of mechanisation would require well over two hundred acres. How was it done? Of course the men worked hard, a fifty hour week; the weather was fine and dry, and the place as bright and clean as a new pin. Moreover, every inch of land was cultivated. But I find it hard to believe that these factors cover all the ground. One asks about the farm the same question that one asks about Switzerland itself. How is it done?

I did ask Professor Rappard, who lectured to my Summer School on the merits of a free versus a planned economy and who cited Switzerland as an outstanding example of the success of free economies. "Energy, skill and industry of the workers," he said in effect, "and enterprise and initiative of the business men, coupled with an ability to get on together and a willingness to co-operate, developed by the exceptionally difficult circumstances against which the Swiss have had to struggle." It was not an answer which, as a Socialist, I found wholly satisfactory. Did it, I asked him, cover all the ground? No, he agreed that it did not, but he had no other to offer.

The Summer School was organised by the Quakers, who called it a Seminar. The organisers had brought together thirty-two students representing seventeen different nationalities. In many cases they had paid the students' fares and in the great majority had paid part or all of their board and lodging. Most of the students had hitch-hiked across France to get to the School. Two of them told me that they had been unable to secure lifts because their tattered and tramp-like clothes deterred drivers. As a consequence, they had walked most of the distance.

Here, then, was my second puzzle: why do the Quakers do it? What ends do they expect to serve by these expensive and benevolent experiments? The official answer was that they wanted to bring representatives of many different nations together in order to give a demonstration of the art of living together in harmony. Also, they wanted an exchange and pooling of ideas. To what end, I asked? To this there was no very clear answer. Half a dozen such Seminars are being run this summer in different parts of Europe and the hope is that from them something of value may be born in the international sphere—a new spirit, perhaps. Does the official answer suffice, as it might do if, for example, there were any signs of such a birth? Again, I suggest that it fails to cover all the ground.

The Seminar started under the shadow of a third world war and students arrived with reports of difficulties in obtaining visas, particularly the Western Germans. In the case of two Americans whose arrival had been expected, one had been "called-up" and the other summoned to Washington for duties (unspecified) arising out of the Korean situation. I myself had just come from an interview with the Director of the World Health Organisation who treated me to some horrifying details of the latest weapons and methods of warfare. I had been chiefly struck by an account of a synthetic "dust" impregnated with viruses which, sprayed from an aeroplane, would destroy every living creature which it reached. The size of the area covered by the dust cloud depended, of course, upon the strength and direction of the wind. Dr. Chisholm deemed this weapon more deadly than either the A or the H bomb. The "dust" is cheap to make and, he added significantly, anybody in the U.S.A. can hire an aeroplane. I didn't hear Dr. Chisholm questioned on this topic at the school which he was to visit a few days after my departure.

It was against this background, the background of the possible destruction of Western civilisation, that the somewhat startling intervention of the representative from Senegal must be recorded. "You are talking," he said in effect, "of the possible destruction of your civilisation, as if it were an unmixed disaster. But is it? Suppose that it was only good riddance to bad rubbish. Your civilisation is hopelessly materialistic. You acknowledge only two values, money and power, and in pursuit of them you have brought death and destruction into the world on an unprecedented scale. Why should anybody regret the fact that you are about to destroy yourselves?" The African's sentiment was echoed and his question pressed by an Arab and a Tamil from Southern India.

What of the intended demonstration of amicable and harmonious living? On the whole I should say that it succeeded. I have visited a great many Summer Schools, but I don't remember one in which the organisation was so welcoming and kindly, the company so agreeable, the atmosphere so harmonious as in this Seminar in Switzerland. One memory stands out. The Quakers, efficient as ever, had produced a stencilled song-sheet containing the words of the songs of more than a dozen nations. At the evening sing-songs these were sung by representatives of the nations in question—mournful Arab songs, lively French songs, lilting Spanish songs, and the rest of us roaring out the choruses. For a moment I thought that I had penetrated the mystery that underlies the activities of the Quakers. All over the world men are setting up barriers—passports and visas and currency restrictions and customs—against human intercourse, and forging obstacles—propaganda and lying and deliberately cultivated hatred, backed by armaments and secret weapons—to human goodwill. And here are a few, a very few men who are devoting all their time and energy and money to circumventing the barriers and removing the obstacles in order that natural goodwill may be given its chance to operate. Just as a modern doctor does not so much cure disease as look to the patient to cure himself, holding the ring in order to prevent the intrusion of any factor which might interfere with self-cure, so the Quakers don't so much try actively to make men love one another as to remove the innumerable, artificial obstacles and impediments which operate to prevent them from doing so, believing, as they do, that human nature is co-operative and kindly at bottom, and that if it is allowed free play under favourable conditions, co-operation and kindliness will prevail.

And this brings me to the third of my puzzles. Men everywhere want the same things, peace and prosperity and comfort and the ability to go about their lives undisturbed and to develop their personalities. Bring the representatives of different nations together in a favourable atmosphere: then, always provided that they are not acting as the representatives *of* their nations, these good things will tend to be realised. But while these are the things that men want, while these are the things that they could have, what they do in fact have are wars and threats of war. Why? I have asked myself this question hundreds of times but have never found the answer.

C. E. M. JOAD

The Highlands in Decay

A LAIRD of one of the islands of the Inner Hebrides wrote to me lately, in comment on reports of land raiding in Southern Italy, to say that "absentee proprietors are as much a feature of the Scottish scene as they are of any foreign country," and to suggest that conditions in the North of Scotland, at least until a few years ago, were "every bit as bad as they are in Italy." From wanting to dismiss this for an example of the tartan tomfoolery which has ruined so many Scottish writers (but not financially), and has given the English the best excuse for knowing nothing of Scotland except "the mystery of moor and glen," I have gradually come round, after some inquiry, to thinking that my correspondent was understating the truth. In many respects, no doubt, conditions in the "crofting counties" (the official designation, but a misnomer, for they are given over almost entirely to deer forest) are far superior to those of Southern Italy; in one vital respect, however, they are certainly far worse. The people of Southern Italy are multiplying fast; the people of the Highlands are dying out.

In a less urgent sense, the same might evidently be said of the whole of Scotland, although the high employment and social benefits of the last few years have undoubtedly had their good effect. According to a writer in a recent issue of the *Scottish Historical Review*, the net emigration rate (as a percentage of population) between 1921 and 1931 was eight per cent from Scotland, compared with 0.5 per cent from England and Wales, 2.6 per cent from Italy, and 2.9 per cent from Norway. But this would suggest only that the people of Scotland are going elsewhere; things, in fact, are worse than this. In 1921 the average age of the Scottish population was 27.1 years; in 1931 it was 31.3. In the *Review's* words, "although the total population fell by some 40,000 between 1921 and 1931, the numbers living at ages 14 and over increased by nearly 79,000, which indicates that the numbers living under the age of 14 have decreased by some 119,000 in the same decennium." The Highlands and the Border, however, are in much worse case than the industrial Centre.

The lamentable condition of the counties to the North of the Highland Line is as constant a subject of conversation here as the everlasting grey drizzle of the rain. And it seems fairly clear, in the light of the known facts, that a great deal of nonsense is talked on the subject. The plain truth seems to be that the Highlanders are dying out, not because they are degenerate, disinclined to the solitude of the cool lochside, dazzled by the bright lights of Glasgow, or determined by nature to drive the engines of steamers to the uttermost ends of the earth—but because they are being killed off by the disease of absentee landlordism.

The bare outlines of the story are not in dispute. Large-scale emigration from the Highlands began soon after The '45. For instance, writing of the 70,000 acres of the Knoydart peninsula, the Rev. Colin Maciver recorded in 1795 that 800 people had already emigrated "owing to the introduction of sheep in a great measure"—the effect being that one man now farmed an area where formerly "many families had lived comfortably in the same extent". A later minister of Glenelg, the Rev. Alexander Beith, reported in 1836 that the population had sunk from the 1,003 recorded by his predecessor to a mere 700—once again, in his opinion, because the land was being sold to big proprietors for the more or less exclusive grazing of sheep.

The case of Knoydart remains instructive. Here, as elsewhere in the Highlands, the clan chiefs—as Mackenzie puts it in his *History of the Clearances*—"drove away their people, only . . . to be themselves ousted after them." Having driven several hundreds of their people to Canada in 1853, the Macdonalds of Glengarry sold the whole of Knoydart for a deer forest. All over the Highlands, during the first half of the 19th century, the clan chiefs drove out their people with a brutality which is hard to believe. "The houses, not only of those who went, but of those who remained," records Mackenzie, "were burnt or levelled to the ground."

It is sometimes argued that the clearances were really a boon to a people doomed otherwise to scratch the most miserable of livings from the Highland soil. Apart from the persuasive evidence of physique and intelligence which the Highlands of the present day can set against this argument, there is indeed nothing to show that the people of the clans before about 1760, enjoying security of tenure as they did, were not reasonably well off. Contemporary accounts do not speak of them as indigent until the coming of the sheep, with the consequent reduction in the size of holdings. But even the sheep have not survived the curse of absentee landlordism. After the clan chiefs had cleared the people to make way for the sheep, the new landlords from the South set about clearing the sheep to make way for the deer. The present sheep population of the Highlands can be no more than a small fraction of what it was a century ago.

There is another and, to my mind, a clinching argument against the view that the Highlands owe their depopulation to the simple processes of nature and civilisation, and not to the economic system under which they labour. This is that the demand for holdings (of an economic size, that is: enough perhaps to graze 300 sheep and include a little "in-bye arable") continues both high and unsatisfied. It was essentially the demand for land that led to the great crofting agitations in Skye during the 'eighties and to the Napier Commission and the Crofters' Charter. It was the same demand that caused the appointment of the Highlands and Islands Commission in 1892, and subsequently to a host of similar commissions and enquiries. And the sad thing is that the opening witness before the Napier Commission of 1884, a Skye crofter named Angus Stewart, could be echoed by any thoughtful Highlander to-day. "The principal thing that we have to complain of," said Stewart, "is our poverty and what has caused our poverty. The smallness of our holdings and the inferior quality of the land is what has caused our poverty . . ."

In 1920 the demands for holdings numbered 5,647. The year before this in Raasay, and the year after it in the Outer Hebrides, there began again the militant agitation for land. "To get land in the Highlands," a crofter's son remarked to me last week, "you have to raid it." Land raids after the first war were extensive and therefore fruitful. They satisfied a little of the hunger for land, and crofts then created are said to have proved an outstanding success. But any amount of good intentions prated of since then in Edinburgh have yielded almost no practical result. In 1948, the last year for which figures are available, the Department of Agriculture admitted that there were outstanding no less than 5,179 applications for land.

In the 16 years 1934-50 (the figures are up to 1943, but no new settlement has taken place since then), the number of new holdings created in the Highlands—in spite of innumerable declarations in favour of land settlement—numbered only 133, or an average of less than ten a year. At this rate it will take over half a century to satisfy the claims now outstanding. Yet there is much to suggest that these claims are only a tithe of those which would speedily become available if the people of the Highlands, hungry for land, but grown hopeless and indifferent through decades of frustration, could believe that there was a real will to lease them the land.

BASIL DAVIDSON.

Mallaig, Argyll.

(To be concluded)

The Senate Hears

AT first sight, nothing could look less like a Royal Commission. News-reel and television cameras, Kleig lights, and all the paraphernalia of publicity attend an important Senate Committee hearing, such as one in which Senator McCarthy is making his sweeping charges, or in which a prominent citizen—perhaps a gambler, perhaps a politician—is being questioned. But, daily, there are less spectacular hearings on a wide range of subjects, which can also instruct and often entertain even if they do not get the top-billing of the star shows.

Take, for instance, a session of the Senate Appropriations Committee on so prosaic a matter as Marshall Aid. Behind the questions and the cross-talk, and behind any desire to support the Administration's policy, there is a struggle between two conflicting tendencies—to save as much money as possible and to help American industries which might suffer through any foreign competition that Marshall Aid may stimulate. The Senators, too, must consider the interest of their constituents and their State or local patriotisms, which are at once sensitive and proud. Here is one passage:

Chairman: Just one moment. Tobacco is a great product in my State . . .

Senator A: . . . I received a letter from a tobacco man who stated, "I see they are getting ready to cut the heart out of our exports of tobacco."

Senator B: The best bright-leaf tobacco in the world is raised in the Carolinas.

Senator C: Along those lines, I hope the E.C.A. will not forget silver. We need to use more silver.

This local pride is not confined to the Senators. Witnesses, too, have pride in their home towns as one of "three little guys" testified, earning the undying gratitude of his local Chamber of Commerce:

> I have lived for 49 years in this community of White Plains, which is a growing city of 45,000 people. It happens to be the fastest-growing retail shopping center in the United States.

The Chairman, although a Democrat, and presumably a supporter of the Truman Administration, seemed to view the whole matter as a conspiracy against America. Questioning Mr. Hoffman, E.C.A. Administrator, who has a tough job testifying before Congressional Committees, about American trade with E.C.A. countries, the Chairman asked:

> Has our business with these foreign countries to whom we are giving this money, has it stopped?
>
> *Mr. Hoffman*: No, sir. But we have no control over that, sir.
>
> *Chairman*: Oh, you have no control?
>
> *Mr. Hoffman*: No, sir.
>
> *Chairman*: I should think, as I have told you before, that you would have a great deal of control? I am extremely sorry you feel that you do not have control. I wish you would review your situation and see if you cannot be fair toward American shippers and American producers and American manufacturers as well as to these countries. As I understand, you are an American, are you not?
>
> *Mr. Hoffman*: Yes, sir.
>
> *Chairman*: Now I wonder if you will look after American interests at the same time that you look after these other interests?
>
> *Mr. Hoffman*: I will do my very best, sir.
>
> *Chairman*: All right, sir; I am glad to have your promise to that effect.

A witness representing typewriter exporters, who had urged that more typewriters be exported with E.C.A. funds, earned the approbation of the Chairman:

> . . . I believe you are an American. You sound like one.
>
> *Witness*: I hope I am, Sir.

A trade union witness putting the case for the American aluminium workers also received the Chairman's commendation.

> *Chairman*: You want it [aluminium] to be made somewhere in the United States?
>
> *Witness*: That is right.
>
> *Chairman*: You are an American?
>
> *Witness*: Yes, sir; I am a Tennessean.
>
> *Chairman*: You are a Tennessean and an American?
>
> *Witness*: Yes, sir.

Naturally the Chairman had to intervene on behalf of his constituents, and in his own words:

> I have been waiting for quite a while to ask Mr. Hoffman to give me some information so that I can give that information to a fine friend of mine, a fine man. He happens to be an American who is looking after our interests. He is in the business of brooms. . . . What I would like to know is this: In your programme, is an apparently insignificant item, a small business like that, included in any way? Can you control the brooms in France; that is, the brooms sold in France, those sold in Morocco, and those sold in Belgium, and those sold in Poland, and those sold in Czechoslovakia? Do you control the output of brooms? Do you distribute or do you allocate the number of brooms that the people of those countries may buy in America?
>
> *Mr. Hoffman*: No, sir; we do not.

Perhaps the most critical Senator had the finest sense of humour. At one point Mr. Hoffman was assuring the Committee that he had no desire

> to come back to this committee or any committee and ask for a deficiency appropriation that would be necessary some time next spring, and you can be certain that that is an event that I would avoid as I would the worst plague on earth.
>
> *Senator*: You are looking at me.
>
> *Mr. Hoffman*: I am thinking of myself.

In passing, Mr. Hoffman offered the Committee an interesting explanation of the result of the British election of 1945. The best explanation he had had was a rather unusual one,

> . . . that the American soldiers had been domiciled with all these English and in all these English homes and they had been telling the English people about the kind of lives they led, they had automobiles, they had washing machines, and that created a great spirit of unrest among the British, just the rank and file of Britishers who felt maybe the system under which they were operating was not quite so good and they had better have a change.

The Chairman was less than fair to Mr. Hoffman in some of his remarks. As Administrator of the E.C.A. it was naturally and very properly Mr. Hoffman's business to see that the E.C.A. countries were helped in accordance with the declared objects of the programme. Yet the Chairman could say, very sarcastically:

> I am just wondering, after hearing your testimony on what you have done for these countries, and after hearing Mr. Lilienthal's testimony this morning on what he is doing for the European countries and doing against Communism, I am just wondering how in the world Europe ever got along at all before you and Mr. Lilienthal appeared on the scene. I wonder if you can explain how they got along through these years of history with you not there to tell them how many plants they should have, how many railroads they should run, how much money they should spend, how their budgets should be balanced, and all these other things that you are doing for them. I just do not see how they got along all those years without you. Can you explain to us just exactly how that it is?

With admirable restraint Mr. Hoffman replied:

> Sir, May I say I have no illusions about any personal contribution I could make to Europe in the solving of their problems.

In connection with representations made to Mr. Hoffman by an American in Morocco, Hoffman had said to a Senator, in reply to a question, that this American

> . . . really wants us to declare war on France. I am not ready to do it.

About two weeks later during the hearings the Chairman took Mr. Hoffman to task for this statement. Again, very sarcastically, he said:

> Under the old, antiquated, no longer-in-use document known as the American Constitution, I find that the Congress is given the authority to declare war against France or any other nation, if the Congress sees fit. Under what law do you obtain the authority to declare war on France?
>
> *Mr. Hoffman*: I said specifically, sir, that I did not want to take on such a responsibility.
>
> *Chairman*: That is fine. I want to thank you, I want to compliment you for not declaring war on France at this time, and I approve of it. I hope the American people will appreciate that. It is very gratifying to know that we are not going to have war with France by your declaration.

S. GAINSBOROUGH

Survival

A FRIEND of mine has a singular hobby: hero of an escape from a *Stalag*, he turned out to possess remarkable powers of survival in hostile country, and how he teaches this art to novice soldiers. Otherwise gainfully employed, he gives up his leisure to this task, enjoys doing so, and has a remarkable collection of the gear which is used in surviving.

The idea does not seem to me to have been carried far enough, for only one order of survival is catered for. When, after the Revolution and the Terror, that remarkable trimmer the Abbé Sieyès was asked what he had done during those dreadful times, he replied not by writing his memoirs, but, with admirable brevity and scientific exactitude . . . *J'ai vécu*. He had, indeed, survived; and it cannot be doubted that he used the word in a wide social and political sense, rather than in a strictly physical one.

Sieyès was a forerunner: the contempt with which he is commonly treated by historians is the measure of the romantic simplicity of those industrious authors. They have no time for professional survivors, but rather vicariously gratify their lust for honour and glory by dwelling upon the deeds of Napoleon, or inventing melodramatic substitutes for the soldierly and unprintable terseness of the *mot de Cambronne*. They cannot satisfy any yearning of their own, any Alnaschar dream, by writing of such a fellow as Sieyès, and therefore they dismiss him as an insignificant time-server.

They fail to realise that his achievement must have called for high qualities, and that his example grows daily more valuable. When the Occupation of these Islands occurs, and whether it be by the troops and civil officials of the Western or the Eastern imperia, the need for a technique of survival, in Sieyès' sense of the word, will become immediate and acute.

It is not suggested that Britain will produce no Underground, no Resistance: in the case of occupation by either side there will surely be courageous irreconcilables who will do their best to make the life of the occupant as *mouvementé* as possible. But for most of us there will simply be the question of survival, and it is in that craft that we need training, and that soon. It is for this reason that I write this brief article, a plea for the early establishment of a School of Social and Political Survival.

This is not the place in which to do more than suggest the sort of Courses which would be given: a *Life* of Ramsay Macdonald would be a principal study; and, of course, a *History* of the National-Liberal Party. But a good deal of the material for lectures would be found in French political history, and that in modern times.

It is probably no attribute of the French character, but rather certain conditions of political life, endemic in most democracies, chronic in the French, which make men of this type, the type of Sieyès. Nevertheless, it was the Cromwellian dictatorship which produced the illustrious modern prototype of the species . . . General Monk: that shrewd and useful officer is commonly dismissed as an outrageous trimmer: but I foresee the time when none of us will be able to afford to use

that word in its present pejorative sense, unless, that is, we are so reduced as to be ready to call ourselves names.

But it is to France that we shall have to look for the Principals, as well as the principles of our School. There are a couple of politicians, small, tough elastic men who, in the intervals between terms of office in any Government of the Republic which will stomach them, might be willing to deliver Foundation Courses of lectures and to undertake the direction of the school. Moreover there are at least two Right Honourable gentlemen in this country who are well on the way to be able to follow in their footsteps.

And one thing the School would have quite ready-made, I mean the school anthem: I am thinking of that politically sophisticated work "In good King Charles' golden reign," from *The Vicar of Bray*.

EDWARD HYAMS

Snapped

IF you live in London, you must at one time or another have been the involuntary customer of a snapper, or street photographer. If you took a card, you were one of the great majority. If you subsequently bought the photograph, you were among a not inconsiderable minority.

For the benefit of the recluse, this is what happens. The snapper, raising his camera with an air of mingled friendliness and concentration, takes your picture as you walk toward him As you pass, he hands you a card with such graciousness that you can hardly refuse it—though a moment's thought tells you that, if you don't want a photograph, to reject the card will save the snapper a fraction of his printing overheads. Later you fill in the card (or you don't), giving your name and address and asking for three postcard-size photos at 3s 6d, or six at 5s. They arrive within 48 hours, and, unless you are uncommonly churlish, you pay for them C.O.D.

Probably, the gentleman who sends you the photos has chosen snaps in preference to Two Year Plans. For the profession is largely in Polish hands. Before the war, the card and C.O.D. technique was rare in this country, save at a few seaside resorts; but it flourished anywhere between Bad Ems and Bucharest. Most of our street photographers—they couldn't be called snappers, and indeed weren't—were serious-looking gentlemen with imposing cameras mounted on tripods. They solicited your custom in a dignified way, took your photograph only after you had entered into a treaty and paid your money, and delivered the finished article with a receipt instead of a bill. They had a thin time, as you might expect.

General Anders' ingenious veterans have changed all that. For one thing, the pre-war cameraman worked for himself. Now, snappers are employed by firms, each firm having eight or ten men out and a few more engaged in developing, printing, and (not infallibly) sending the right photo to the right address. It is these firms which are Polish in ownership and leadership; the men on the street may be of any nationality, and many are English. Some snappers are still lone wolves—in about the same proportion as owner-drivers of taxis, and dwindling as rapidly. Since they have to buy their own film and do their own back-room work, they have a difficult life.

The firm supplies the camera, usually a Leica suitable for use in almost all weathers, buys film at a cheap wholesale rate, and doles it out to each snapper at, say, twenty cassettes a day. Each cassette gives 36 photographs, of which 33 are used. (So far as I can find, there is no basis for the widespread belief that the snapper only pretends to take your photograph.) Out of the 33 people snapped, about 27 accept cards. Between two and five give orders in London; at the seaside (most snappers spend their week-ends at Brighton or Southend, and get half their expenses paid), it is often as many as fifteen. The firm begins to make a profit at two orders per cassette. The snappers are paid by results.

Working an eight-hour day, and given passable weather for the whole week, a snapper may make £16. In a really bad winter week, he may take home as little as £2 10s. Last week was a typical one for our local snapper. It poured on Monday and Tuesday; on Friday he was unwell; his Wednesday and Thursday work yielded him £4; during the week-end he made a similar sum at Southend, but spent some of it on fares and meals out. It will be seen that the annual "personal income" is hard to compute, and in fact snappers make no efforts to do so, the firm paying a consolidated income tax for its employees.

The favourite pitches are Piccadilly, Leicester Square, Trafalgar Square, and Oxford Street, with Kensington High Street a hot outsider. Snappers are vigilant in retaining their pitches, and vested interests in one famous Square have been known to knock an intruder down and wreck his camera. Photographs may not be taken commercially in the parks or near historic monuments like Westminster Abbey. Even in Oxford Street, a snapper may well be moved on by the police twice in an hour for obstruction.

Some firms, demanding a high standard of quick recognition, instruct their street men to snap only visitors to London. People most likely to buy, in descending order, are visitors from the provinces; Americans; other foreigners; Londoners up to the West End for an outing; people going to their jobs last of all.

Most snappers enjoy their work, save that they find it monotonous and like to work in couples. But few mean to spend their lives at it. Some are saving to set up as studio photographers. Some are painters or writers not yet making a living. The one woman snapper is also a textile designer. There are snappers whom, from their aspect, I should set down as unsuccessful freelance journalists.

The photographs, from what I have seen of them, are good; which isn't surprising when one recalls that a number of street photographers, snapping for money and experience, have exhibited at the Royal Photographic Society.

But there is a deepening slump in snapping, related to the shortage of ready money in the pockets of the public. The golden age was the war; snappers did much to fill those wallets from which soldiers extracted wads of photographs at the drop of a hat. ("This is our youngest . . . this is the wife and me on my last leave . . . this is my cousin Fred—sort of second cousin he is really . . .") But even in the gratuity-spending era, business was excellent. Now, snappers agree gloomily that too many second thoughts intervene between the acceptance of a card and the giving of an order. There is even a chance of convincing these veterans of the Resettlement Corps that, grim though things may be in the lost homeland, it hasn't a wage-freeze.

MERVYN JONES.

So They Say . . .

MR. CHURCHILL'S broadcast gave the Sunday newspapers their biggest story for weeks. The Kemsley and Beaverbrook papers concentrated on the wider aspects of the speech:

Sunday Times: MR. CHURCHILL'S WARNING: "SUPREME PERIL IN EUROPE—WE MUST CLOSE DEFENCE GAP."

Sunday Express: CHURCHILL'S WARNING—THE FIVE GREAT BLUNDERS.

Sunday Empire News: CHURCHILL: WE CAN AVERT WAR.

The others confined themselves to the more sensational charges:

People: BRITAIN MAKING WAR TOOLS FOR RUSSIA.

News of the World: RUSSIAN INSPECTORS IN KEY BRITISH FACTORY.

The *Sunday Pictorial* concentrated on the personal angle (CHURCHILL HAD "NONE TOO PLEASANT TALK"), while *Reynolds's News* was so eager to reply that it moved its editorial to the front page and printed it underneath its report of the broadcast, with the headline: VOICE OF A MAN IN PANIC.

By Monday there were further explanations from all sides. The *Daily Telegraph* headlined its story: FIRM WANTS TO END TOOL ORDER FOR RUSSIA, and quoted the chairman of Craven Brothers as saying that "I should like to see us released from this work." The *News Chronicle* quoted him as saying that "we have been manufacturing equipment for the Soviet Union for 20 years. We have got on well with them, and we would like to continue."

The *Daily Worker* naturally obtained its statements, too. Under the headline TRADE UNION LEADERS ANSWER CHURCHILL it quoted officials of several unions to the effect that the men working on the Russian orders were not in the least "perturbed," as Mr. Churchill had said, that in fact "during the slump years before the last war many engineering workers were only kept in employment by Russian contracts." The *Manchester Guardian* even quoted a senior shop steward convener at the factory as saying that "between the two wars it was Russian orders that kept Cravens going." This remark did not receive wide publicity.

Headline of the Week

Sunday Times, August 27:—

MR. CHURCHILL EMPTIES WEST END RESTAURANT.

AUTOLYCUS

The Arts and Entertainment

LIGHT AND DARK

BALDLY stated the central situation of *The Little Hut* could hardly be more salacious. A husband and wife and the wife's lover marooned on a desert island try to find a way of all living together. But of course the whole art of this kind of comedy consists in not stating baldly, in decorating and in steering a dangerous theme one way or another so that what ought to offend amuses instead. This has, I think, been successfully done here by a happy combination of talents in Miss Nancy Mitford's adaptation of M. Roussin's Paris success. Undoubtedly a number of people would find it altogether too shocking. But the majority, I fancy will find it just shocking enough to increase their amusement.

The crudity is first taken off the situation by Mr. Oliver Messel's quite delightfully extravagant children's book desert island. It is the happiest of larger-than-life fantasies; the leaves are giant, the fruit is plumped out, the coconuts are gaily tasselled. Immunized thus, we take the events when they happen with only a semi-seriousness, shocking ourselves for fun, as it were, rather as in childhood games we frightened ourselves. And then there is throughout a pretty reversal of the conventional values. A husband, his wife, and their best friend, have been marooned in their evening dress on a desert island; and this return to nature, instead of making for licence, as one might expect, has made for morality instead. In civilisation it had been possible for the wife and the lover to deceive the husband for six whole years without his knowing it, and for them to remain, all three of them, the very best of friends. On a desert island this becomes impossible, for the husband doesn't go to the office every day and never departs on business trips. Both the wife and lover are determined not to make the husband unhappy by deception, but the lover finds he cannot stand being suddenly shut out. He insists that the husband should be told the truth and some *modus vivendi* arrived at. The husband is an eminently practical-minded man, who accepts the inescapable as he finds it; horrified at first, he in the end accepts the facts since they can't be altered. And to accept them—since he is also eminently logical—means to accept the next stage. He and his friend have apparently shared the wife for six years and been perfectly happy. Why can't they be perfectly happy in the same way now on a regularised basis? Very well. Let them share the wife on alternate weeks. And so it is to be arranged—the wife, a scatter-brained little pagan, agreeing. End of Act One.

This preposterously shocking notion having been successfully launched, the interest is to see how the dramatist will keep things going through two more acts. The second act twist is very ingenious. The new scheme works admirably—for the husband and the wife. The husband, put on his mettle by the consciousness of a rival, drops back into being the courting male, and he and his wife have the fun of a love affair all over again. And so once more the poor lover finds himself excluded, and announces that it is impossible for him to go on. A *ménage à trois* is quite impossible for a *lover* on a desert island. He puts up a new proposition. They must live like brothers and sister. Thus again it is the conventionally immoral character, the lover, who comes out strong for the conventions. This upside-downness is accentuated in the next development, when at the very end of Act II a savage arrives on the scene, ties up the two men and indicates by signs that he will spare their lives only at the price of the wife. The husband, once again, accepts the facts as they are, the law of the jungle in this case. They are in the savage's power and the girl who is not unwilling—for the savage is very handsome, must pay for their release. It is the lover whose moral sensibilities are thoroughly outraged. And the implications of this constitute Act III, before they are, finally, rescued.

It will be seen that this material, if amusing, is rather thin for three acts. It is made all the thinner by the fact of the characters being barely characterised at all, and the wit being in the situations only, very little in the words. The play does keep going—but only just. The producer, Mr. Peter Brook, fills in hard, when the gaps begin to show, with sufficiently amusing by-play on desert island improvisations along Heath Robinson lines; and Mr. Oliver Messel has designed a number of very amusing objects for these—giant mussel handbags, coral tables, dry-shave razors and so on. But the piece really hangs on Mr. Robert Morley. It would look less thin if Miss Joan Tetzel had been able to add to her very fetching appearance one tenth of his comedy technique. As it is she lets the majority of her laughs spill on the ground. Mr. David Tomlinson, though a little uneven, plays a characteristic part characteristically. Mr. Morley, on the other hand, is triumphant. He never misses a thing. Watch him, for instance, minutely examining a poisoned arrow, bringing to bear on it the disinterested attention of the practical person saying to himself, "I wonder what this can be," and holding the audience in a hushed comic suspense while the full implications of the object slowly dawn on him.

Quite why this play should have run longer in Paris than any other straight play remains to me obscure. But if it lasts a long time here too, as I think it is sure to do, the explanation will lie in the happy and inventive collaboration of Mr. Peter Brook, Mr. Morley, Mr. Messel and Miss Nancy Mitford.

The *Rosmersholm*, which is now being presented at the St. Martins, though by no means striking, is well worth a visit, especially for those not over-familiar with the play. For here it is the play as a story, as a main branch of that great 19th century family the Novels, that will most strike us. Not that it is badly acted, on the contrary it is its being so competent both in the acting and the producing which enables the tightly-rolled story to unwind itself in front of us so to speak tautly and emphatically. But the real fire in the acting, the touches of greatness that can make the play live on the highest levels, is, this time, not there.

Yet—such is the nature of the greatest works—this brings even to those who miss the peaks unexpected rewards. One has, as of course one should not have, the tranquillity to admire the machine working. How expertly are the turns and twists in the narrative deployed; and how economically the situation is laid out, and how dramatically, especially in the sudden arrival of the gone-to-seed old Tutor (Mr. Colouris did his part excellently) making, for all his comedy, an essentially poetic kind of impact on the prosy struggle that is in process between Rosmer and Kroll. And how alive this struggle between the realist and the reactionary still is. Mr. Robert Harris's particular line falls very easily into the part of the gelded radical. Mr. Edward Chapman, if he is rather more like a Bank Manager than a Headmaster, is certainly very like the chairman of the local Conservative Party in a high-toned suburb. The duel between them is vivid and alive all through *on the party level*, which is of course only half the battle. Miss Signe Hasso has not the weight for a great performance as Rebecca West. But she comes well into the picture by the third act, where she is distinctly moving. Her accent is an invincible handicap to the finer shades (but no more so than Mr. Valk's or Miss Mannheim's). But her performance is serious and affecting and comes, to my mind, right from the centre of the inside of the part. Mr. John Kidd and Miss Nora Nicholson add greatly to our enjoyment in the smaller parts, that are so important in Ibsen. But Miss Tanya Moisewitch, the designer, who lately tidied up the tatterdemalion interior of Turgenev's Country House, has here "done up" Rosmersholm, nice and regency.

T. C. WORSLEY

EDINBURGH—I

THAT the chief event of a Festival of Music and Drama should be both opera and play is entirely appropriate. It would be difficult to imagine a more complete success than has been achieved with the notoriously impracticable "original" *Ariadne auf Naxos*: that is to say, the abbreviated *Bourgeois Gentilhomme* of Molière, enlivened by the incidental music of Strauss, and finally submerged in a mythological *opera seria* with intrusive harlequinade. Hofmannsthal's gaily improvident scheme demands not only an expensive double cast, but a combination of superior talents such as can rarely be assembled. But Glyndebourne has provided the necessary constellation: the double skill of Miles Malleson as adapter and actor, the Marie Rambert Ballet, Sir Thomas Beecham to nurse one of his most beloved scores, the entrancing sets and costumes of Oliver Messel (who has never done anything better)—and, imposing his unifying conception on the whole heterogeneous scheme, the genius of Carl Ebert. So delightful is this composite Edinburgh *Ariadne* that most of my colleagues have abruptly decided—on what seem to me inadequate grounds—that the first version is æsthetically preferable to the later revision which discards the Molière connection. I lack space to argue this point; and I freely admit that the vacuous absurdity and touch of pathos in Mr. Malleson's Jourdain (I doubt if either Molière or Hofmannsthal had any thought of pathos) makes a wonderful ending. I shall long remember his final exit, when Ariadne and Bacchus have sailed away on their cloud, the harlequinade is over, the lights out, the shady guests stolen away from their dozing host, and the cold night air blows away the last tatters of illusion. There was no great singing; but dazzlingly accurate and often beautiful roulades from Ilse Hollweg as Zerbinetta, and noble style, with a delicious soft high B flat, from Hilda Zadek as Ariadne. Bacchus? Well, all exponents of this part sound as though they take an 18-inch collar, and Peter Anders was no exception; so that the conception of a "dreamy, tender, mysterious, youthful" God never came to life. Why does no one try an Italian lyrical tenor?

The 1950 *Figaro*, though full of good things, is not of vintage Glyndebourne quality. The conductor, Ferenc Fricsay, had too strenuous a conception of the golden comedy; his orchestral tempi were ill chosen. Why engage one of the best singers of the day (Sena Jurinac) for Cherubino, and race her through both her songs, so that the first becomes a mere *parlando* whisper and the second is robbed of all its poetry and sentiment? The Count (Marko Rothmüller), the Countess (Clara Ebers), and Susanna (Elfride Troetschel): all these were thoroughly sound, but not memorable. The most startling contribution came from America, by way of Vienna, in the person of George London. A rich-voiced baritone with a magnetic stage presence and the dangerous grace of a matador, he presented a revolutionary Figaro, *à la Beaumarchais*, without the Austrian good nature and gaiety of Mozart: only half a Figaro, therefore, but a half so brilliant as to seem for the moment preferable to the standard article. The servant's impossibly insolent behaviour in the presence of his master must be accounted a flaw in the otherwise fine production of Ebert, since it has also been noticeable in previous years.

Meanwhile, in every quarter of the city the Festival proceeds, with unvarying success: it is hardly credible that so many large auditoriums should be simultaneously filled—even the huge Castle Esplanade, where a Military Tattoo does its best to defy the almost inevitable rain. As usual, the visitor is inclined to overdo things and then blame the organisers for his indigestion. One symbolic lady, bothered by the conflicting claims of life and art, brought her knitting to the concerts, and, for all I know, to the operas too. It seems that the sheer abundance of varied entertainment proves vexing to the puritan who slumbers in many a British breast. Suppressing

with difficulty an impulse to behave like Rabbi Zeal-of-the-Land Busy at Bartholomew Fair, he takes refuge in complaints of bad taste; the Festival Committee, ordering consignments of ready-made art by the ton, is no better, he maintains, than Monsieur Jourdain! The core of truth in this ungrateful accusation is that there is little attempt at a general pattern; visiting artists and conductors seem to have a free hand, and often change their minds at the last minute. Important musical novelties (about some of which I hope to write next week) are found besides others which have little claim on an international audience; well-planned concerts beside programmes made out of a conductor's favourite tit-bits; one need not be a chauvinist to find the representation of English music unworthy of the occasion.

And plays? Well, we have had Mr. Bridie, in his curiously named *Queen's Comedy*, exploiting the surely exhausted vein of Olympus-Up-To-Date, with a desperate last-minute plunge into the deep waters of Creative Evolution. The piece was hideous to the eye and had some excruciatingly boring nautical episodes; on the other hand, there were a few good comic scenes, and a single beautifully written and performed character, the Medical Orderly of Roddy Macmillan. Since Eric Linklater's farce, *The Atom Doctor*, has been acquired for London presentation, I am absolved from giving an account of it—which is just as well, since the multitude of conflicting events allowed me to see no more than one moderately amusing act. It is modelled on Ben Jonson's *Alchemist;* and rare Ben himself is magnificently present in the rarest of his comedies, *Bartholomew Fair*. George Devine has not, like his predecessor, Tyrone Guthrie, in *The Three Estates*, taken full advantage of that splendid natural Elizabethan stage, the Assembly Hall; and his Old Vic team are notably less clear-spoken than the Glasgow players. For these reasons, although the play itself is ideally suited to such a stage, the production may seem better when redesigned for the Old Vic. *Bartholomew Fair* has come in for some hard words; and the plot is certainly sprawling and confused. But what acting parts! What language! What a wild Dickensian gallery of rogues and hypocrites—and decent citizens too! And what pyramids of grotesque comic invention! Consider only the final scene of the marionette show, in which Rabbi Busy is inveigled into a public debate with one of the "heathenish idols" on the subject of stage immorality, and finally worsted when the puppet lifts high its garment to reveal a total absence of all sexual encumbrances whatsoever! As the canting, meddlesome Puritan, Mark Dignam relies too much on sheer lung-power, and too little on the quainter and finer intonations of revivalist oratory. Superlative *buffo* performances come from Robert Eddison, Alec Clunes and, above all, from Roger Livesey, who as Justice Overdo, ridiculously disguised, perpetually hoodwinked, pedantic, always on the look-out for "enormities," yet obstinately liberal-minded to the last (another wonderful Jonsonian invention), hovered in a delicious limbo of absurdity midway between Nellie Wallace and the White Knight.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

RADIO NOTES

THE two most interesting feature programmes of the past fortnight have been Mr. Henry Reed's *Return to Naples* and Mr. Michael Swan's *Henry James in Italy*, and it is scarcely possible to avoid setting them side by side, not merely because of the similarity of their theme, the sensitive young Anglo-Saxon's discovery of Italy, but also because they shared a common narrator, one might even say expositor, in Mr. McKechnie. Mr. Reed's programme was unfailingly entertaining: it is not often that one laughs loud and more than once while listening to a radio feature, and Mr. Reed excellently and shockingly conveyed the shocks to his preconceived opinions of the right and proper felt by the young poet from the Piazza Chamberlain, Birmingham, on his first encountering an older and different civilisation. The Neapolitan family Mr. Reed stayed with periodically between 1937 and 1947 sprang into instant vivid, three-dimensional life at the first moment one heard them, and their freedom from English inhibitions was rendered with evident enjoyment and much gusto by a very good cast, which included Miss Vivienne Chatterton, Mr. Esmé Percy, Mr. Roger Delgado, Mr. David Page and Mr. Martin Benson. The weakness of the programme seemed to me to lie in Mr. Reed's presentation of the young Mr. Reed. Part of the difficulty doubtless lay in the situation in which he had to be presented; in the circumstances, perhaps it was inevitable that he must be a "dumb ox," in Mr. Wyndham Lewis' phrase, the passive character who is acted upon but does not act himself; but I am certain that a share of weakness, which consisted of a vagueness of outline in the character compared with those of the Italians, must be attributed to mis-casting. Generally, there is no better actor on the air than Mr. Cyril Cusack, but here he quite failed to suggest a young man from the English Midlands. And why, indeed, I should like to know, should a product of the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, be expected to do so?

An equally unexpected casting in Mr. Swan's programme was as successful as the other was not. For Mr. Swan, it seems to me, was faced with one immediate difficulty. For almost all of us, the later James, the James of the prefaces and the comic anecdotes, has obliterated the younger James, the pilgrim from Albany, N.Y., who talked, presumably, like any other educated young American. Here, Mr. Bernard Braden, more or less straight from *The Street-car* and *Breakfast with Braden*, was immediately convincing. There are gaps in our knowledge of the earlier life of James, and these Mr. Swan skilfully exploited. He used his sources, the letters, travel books and so on, with tact; the dramatised episodes, especially the discussion on the expatriate life between James and W. W. Storey, were very well done.

Sir Edward Bridge's *Portrait of a Profession: The Civil Service Tradition* struck me as one of the more successful of recent Third Programme recordings of public lectures, in this case the Rede Lecture at Cambridge. It was elegant, lucid, and packed with information: a most valuable statement. And how it gained in charm from the purely adventitious noises off—traffic outside the Senate House, aeroplanes overhead, and the Cambridge clocks chiming the quarters.

WILLIAM SALTER

THE MOVIES

"Caged," at Warner's

"Broken Arrow," at the Marble Arch Odeon

"The Miniver Story," at the Empire

Caged is a bit of sensational journalism about women's prisons, prefaced by the usual declaration that it has nothing to do with reality. From this we are meant to deduce that it comes searchingly near the facts. At any rate, to make and keep us uncomfortable is the film's aim and achievement. A dazed, pretty girl of nineteen (Miss Eleanor Parker, un-made-up for the occasion) is helped roughly out of a van, and for the best of two hours we follow her adventures in prison. The place, to put it mildly, stinks. A benevolent governor is apparently quite powerless in the hands of the matron, a bully and racketeer with political support; prisoners plan to join gangs outside, go mad or die. The unlucky Miss Parker refuses to pay protection money, has a baby which is taken away from her, gets her head shaved and starts a riot, and goes out in the end, hard as nails, to revenge herself on society. In her two phrases of Innocence and Experience, she is a little too martyred at first and all of sudden too cynically tough quite to carry home individual tragedy; though each half of her performance makes the most of charm under difficulties. In

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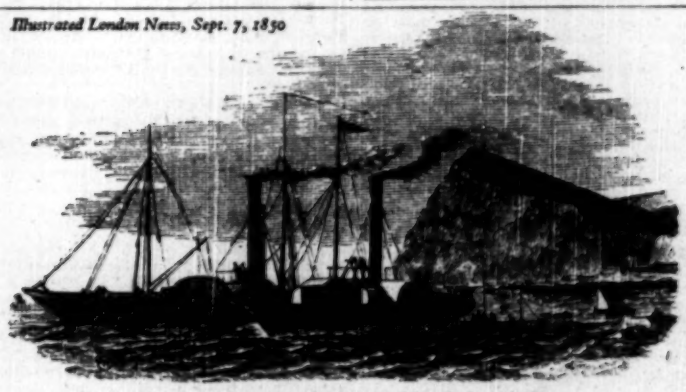

From such small things

Will it work? Shall we be in touch with Calais to-night? These thoughts must have filled anxious minds 100 years ago, as from Dover there started the first attempt to create telegraphic communication with France. The giant drum on the deck of the paddle tug "GOLIATH", coiled with 30 miles of wire, began to turn. Within ten hours the cable had been laid successfully, and the submarine telegraph had triumphed.

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general, despite some sensational emphasis, *Caged* does succeed in impressing the grimness upon us: women mooching about the yard in winter (but is that wall high enough?) or hysterically awaiting a parole hearing; and especially the frightful reveille bell followed by the matron's "Come on, you tramps." One is willing to take this film's word for a good many things, and one's thoughts may stray a little uneasily to our English prisons which now and then have given rise to a newspaper story.

Broken Arrow tries to do justice—this is a week, on the whole, of good intentions if mediocre amusement—to the American Indian, so often maligned in the past. Cochise, the great Apache chief, who might break his arrow but not his word, has a stern nobility and an American accent; and it needs Mr. James Stewart to penetrate to his stronghold and, having learnt Apache, to talk to him in American. What is Mr. Stewart doing there? Making love to Sonseeabray, more American too than her name. *Broken Arrow* manages at times to be interesting as well as exciting, has some impressive Arizona views in Technicolor and a charming marriage poem, and at least provides a mild correction to some of the bad old Westerns that were so very much better.

The Miniver Story, a post-war sequal with Garson and Pidgeon, is the very thing for those who liked *Mrs. Miniver*. She died—you may be sorry to hear—in 1946; but her spirit will live on for several weeks at least (says Emily the Empire Girl).

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Correspondence

IRAN AND THE WEST

SIR,—In the last few weeks your esteemed weekly has published comments on Iran, based mainly on the belief that elements of the Left have been ruthlessly suppressed in Iran and that freedom and democracy have been trampled on by the ruling classes. By extolling the virtues of the Left and proscribing the rest of the community, you portray a complete travesty of the situation as it is in Iran to-day. The sweeping generalisations and rhetorical denunciations of the Iranian Government and the Western Powers contain a wealth of misstatements and distorted conclusions, the refutation of which would fill up many pages.

I will take a few of the statements made in your article of August 19 by way of demonstrating the inaccuracy of the premises on which you seek to justify your case. You assert that "British and Americans were directly concerned in setting up, a few weeks ago, the semi-military regime, headed by Field-Marshal Razm-Ara." This is not so. In accordance with the Constitutional Law of the country, General Razmara was called upon to form a Government which, after protracted debates, received a vote of confidence of 95 for, 8 against and 3 abstentions, in the National Assembly, and similarly a vote of confidence of 35 to 4 in the Senate, with 10 abstentions.

The cry of dictatorship and semi-military regime bears no relation to the prevailing situation. A cursory glance at the debates in the National Assembly and the Senate would, if anything, show the reverse. Everyone in Iran is at liberty to hold whatever political opinions he chooses, provided he does not jeopardise the interests of the country by imperilling the Constitution, the religious concepts, the regime, the political independence and integrity of the country. "Repression, social reaction, etc." is a fiction fostered by dissatisfied elements who, in the name of democracy and freedom, abuse their liberty and rights and will only be satisfied with the dictatorship of the few. These people are just as injurious to the welfare of the country as their opposite numbers who prefer *laissez-faire* and fight any action that may curb their privileges or interfere with their vested interests. There is no question of dichotomy of Left and Right. The majority of the people are neither pro- this nor anti- that, but they do not wish to see public law and order imperilled under this or that guise, and foreign ideologies forced upon them.

No enlightened Persian would disagree with your comment that there are lamentable shortcomings and faults in the present administrative machinery of Iran and that in this field there is a great deal to be desired. These are, however, the very problems that are being boldly tackled, and incessant baiting and destructive criticism will certainly not help matters.

The facts, as you state, are that to-day Iran occupies a key position in the global strategy and is a back-door to the whole Middle East defence, forming the main corridor to the Indian Ocean. She also supplies annually about 30 million tons of oil to Britain. It would be fatal for the Big Powers to try to ignore or sidetrack the awakening of national fervour of the younger generation in Iran and the surging which this awakening entails.

It is evident that Communism strives to enlist the twin forces of nationalism and social discontent. Persians have shown, as in 1946 (Azerbaijan troubles), that they can deal with internal disruptive elements; let them, as partners and co-operators, be given unstinted help by the Great Powers so that they may improve social conditions and strengthen the country's position. Only thus will the bitter memories of foreign intervention in Iran's internal affairs in the past be redeemed and this vital position consolidated.

A. H. HAMZAVI,
Press Counsellor

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London, S.W.7.

[Mr. Hamzavi, as an official spokesman for the Iranian Government, naturally differs from our interpretation of events in Iran. He does not, however, refute our argument that the policy of successive Iranian Governments, sustained by the British and Americans, has been such as to drive even moderate reformists to look for support only from the U.S.S.R. If the British and Americans were not directly concerned in setting up the Razm-Ara regime, why did Dr. Baqai state in the Majlis that many Deputies, including himself, had been lobbied to support this change of Government by Mr. Dooher, the U.S. political attaché? Mr. Hamzavi states that there is political liberty in Iran for all except "dissatisfied elements." We have recently named some of these political prisoners. Perhaps Mr. Hamzavi could furnish us with the total number of prisoners detained for political reasons and "dissatisfaction"? We are glad to find that an official representative of the Iranian Government is willing honestly to admit that there are "lamentable shortcomings" in the Iranian administration to-day.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

"LIBERATION"

SIR,—When will some governing person with a sense of reality and a spice of humour put into forceful words the thought that is in countless minds, the feeling in countless hearts, aroused by blether about "liberation"? We heard it during both world wars; we ought all of us to know by this time that it is blether. But we hear even more of it now. The North Koreans say they are fighting to liberate the South Koreans. The Americans say the same, and by rushing in totally unprepared they forced United Nations to support them. So both sides blast and destroy Korea, the Koreans, and each other.

The Soviet rulers declare their aim to be the liberation of mankind from capitalist slavery. The Western Powers assert that their purpose is to liberate the dupes of Communism. Both are piling up armaments to ruin all countries within their reach—in the name of liberty! If the process of "liberation" means for both liberators and liberated being blown to bits and having your country devastated, is it surprising that everywhere people are asking "Why can't they leave us alone?"

Clemenceau wrote in 1914: "I have worked for liberty during forty years, but the Frenchman's idea of liberty is suppressing somebody else." He was wrong. It is not the French man, or woman, or the men and women of any country, who aim at suppressing somebody else. It is rulers who seek power to achieve that aim. The question "Who began this particular bout of interference?" would take too long to discuss here; but let me point out that it was Winston Churchill as a British Cabinet Minister who engineered war against the Russian people in 1919-20, and that this fact has influenced the actions of Russia's rulers ever since. If the attitude of British Governments towards the Union of Socialist and Soviet Republics had been friendly and helpful, as was the attitude of British workers at that date, Communism would not be the word of fear it is to-day. Socialists everywhere might have united for common ends. The rulers in Moscow would not have been allowed to return to the traditional policies of Tsarist Russia. The monster which Frankenstein-Churchill fears so much now is his own creation.

HAMILTON FYFE

BOMBING

SIR,—In view of the fact that in the great London Blitz the greatest tonnage dropped by the Nazis in one day is estimated to be 550 tons, and knowing the damage, pain and misery it caused, despite London's A.R.P. services, air raid shelters, W.V.S., fire fighters, etc., it is cruel to read how the Americans are dropping 650-1,000 tons of high explosives on Korean towns, which must lack the medical facilities to cope with the casualties it must engender.

While it has been suggested that the N. Koreans are not using bombers in their war, because the Russians are afraid to expose their secret aircraft, I think that it is more likely that the lack of bombing by the N. Koreans is due to their recognition that air bombing always entails unnecessary bombing, and it would take a rather tough-minded N. Korean to bomb S. Korean towns even if it would help their advance, when he knows the misery he is inflicting on his countrymen, the mass of them civilians, who probably care less as to who governs the country so long as this nightmare would stop.

All in all, one can say the result of American war strategy in Korea is first to create a "boomerang" war, secondly to alienate many who are in doubt as to the justification of the war itself, and finally should the N. Koreans lose the war, for America to be saddled with the extra burden of resuscitating the Korean economy, which would then be in a worse state than it was before, and thus make the raising of the standard of living of the Korean people a task which it is doubtful that the American economy could withstand.

It would have been so much better, from many points of view, had the Americans confined the battle to the ground, and so fight the N. Koreans on their own level.

F. A. A. W.

"VANSITTARTISM"

SIR,—I suggest that Critic (in your issue of August 19) has not grasped the fundamental point of Lord Vansittart's position, which is, not that all Russians are devils and we are all saints, but that in Russia devilishness is constitutional.

Take the Scottsboro case. As Mr. Kingsley Martin points out in his review, the appeal judge tore the evidence to pieces; the Supreme Court refused to uphold the trial and a public agitation was started. Furthermore, a book, describing the whole deplorable affair, is written by an American and published in America. Which means, surely, that, though gross aberrations occur in America, they are not protected by the constitution and the courts and the public are at liberty to protest against them. Whereas, in Communist countries it is exactly the opposite. To oppose slave labour in Russia or the murder of Petkov in Bulgaria is strictly unconstitutional and makes a man guilty of high treason.

Therefore Communism is a *per se* evil and the fact that it may afford some temporary relief to Asiatic peasants cannot alter its essential baseness.

Of course, I realise that put forward on a political platform, as an *argumentum ad hominem* to an audience of Chinese coolies, this reasoning would not meet with much success. But then I would not dream of supposing that Critic does his thinking on that level.

ARTHUR CHAMBERS

5, Palace Court,
London, W. 2.

IN HUNGARY

SIR,—In your issue of August 19, George Kemény, Social-Democrat Secretary of State for Finance in the Hungarian Government, 1945-48, writes about the conditions in Hungary to-day.

I am a British (born and bred) factory worker, just returned to this country after working for ten months in the Ikarus Autobus Factory, Budapest, which employs more than two thousand men and women.

Mr. Kemény quite rightly says that the "fight for higher efficiency of industrial labour is the dominant issue of economic and political life." In Article 1 of the Five Year Plan it is stated that one of the main tasks is "the acceleration of Hungary's industrialisation; first, the development of heavy and machine industry, as this is the condition for the development of light industry, mechanisation and Socialist reorganisation of agriculture, and the modernisation of the communications."

Mr. Kemény then says that the Three Year Plan introduction of piece-work, work competition and Stakhanovism scored but poor success. Let us consider the facts. In the economic year 1946/47, at the launching of the Three Year Plan, Hungarian industrial production was 62.2 per cent. of pre-war output. At the end of 1949 industrial production exceeded the 1938 level by 53.4 per cent.; by similar comparison, heavy industrial production rose by 74.1 per cent. and agricultural production by 60 per cent. In 1945 there were practically no buses left in Hungary. By the end of the Plan there were three times as many buses as pre-war. Does this read like "poor success?"

Mr. Kemény refers to the introduction of methods reminiscent of totalitarian rule, but is extremely vague about this. That mistakes have been made in the appointment of officials is probably true in some cases. Such mistakes will be, and are being, rectified. At the Ikarus factory the party secretary was a young official who was inexperienced as a factory worker, and tended to be bureaucratic in his relationships with the workers. Recently he was replaced by a man some 50 years of age, all his life a factory worker, who commanded the respect and confidence of the men and women working there. I witnessed this, and also know of similar action taken in other enterprises.

Your contributor refers to Stakhanovites being resented by the workers. It is understandable that, before they realised the difference between Socialist and capitalist society, some workers would view with suspicion their fellows who were introducing methods of increased production. To-day, however, there is a much clearer understanding of the nature of Socialised industry, whereby the benefits of greater production are passed on to the workers themselves. My experience in the factory showed me conclusively that the wide masses of the workers do not resent new methods of increasing production, and Mr. Kemény's suggestion of a "relentless political pressure . . . a new form of ruthless exploitation" is a complete fabrication. I have seen that the great majority of ordinary men and women, including the previous Social-Democratic Party members, are wholeheartedly supporting the new regime in Hungary.

In some cases previous Right-wing Social-Democrat leaders have been caught in acts of sabotage, such as pigeon-holing practical suggestions for improvements and new methods. Such men, who have never really desired Socialism and working-class control, are being removed from responsible position, and, in extreme cases, are brought before the public courts. This does not mean, as Mr. Kemény suggests, that the basis of the present regime in Hungary is "naked force." On the contrary, the basis is the almost unanimous support of the population (in the last election, 94.7 per cent. of the population voted, and of these 95.6 per cent. voted for the People's Front Government). Far from seeing the "Communists in a precarious position."—after living and working in Hungary for ten months, I see the Government firmly established on the enthusiastic support of the Hungarian people. My conclusion is that Mr. Kemény is indulging in wishful thinking.

27 British Street, HARRY FREEDMAN
Bow, E.3.

AUSTRIAN CIVIL SERVICE

SIR,—My attention has been drawn to an article "Under the Austrian Counter," which appeared in your paper of August 12. Although I do not intend to enter into an argument on the personal opinions of your correspondent, I wish to express to you my deep regret that she saw fit to include into her dispatch a notoriously untrue description of the Austrian Civil Service, contained in the words "traditionally bribable Civil Service."

LOTHAR WIMMER,
Austrian Minister

Austrian Legation,
1 Hyde Park Gate,
London, S.W.7.

ASSUMPTION OF THE VIRGIN

SIR,—Your article on "The Assumption of the Virgin" errs, in my opinion, in asserting that the definition will have an effect upon intellectual Catholics, and cause them to re-examine the basis of their faith. In the future, as in the present, the intellectual Catholic will continue to ignore everything about Catholicism he does not like. As your article says, the Pope is infallible "in certain, always happily arguable, circumstances"; and the fact is that no sooner has a definition been made than the theologians get together to find out just what is and is not included in the definition, and quarrel happily about it.

The new encyclical—to judge by reports—means that the Curia having for some time (the importance of the revised Psalter has never, I think, been appreciated as it should) been moving in a more liberal direction, suddenly finds that the modernism it thought dead was only sleeping, and is now seeking once more to atom-bomb it. In vain: the cleavage between popular Catholicism and that of the intellectuals is too vast. Perhaps it always was. But it is precisely this "neo"-catholicism which is the hope. Whatever the Vatican may say, many Catholics in this country no longer believe that official membership of the Roman Church is incumbent upon all: they revere and learn from all religions and look forward to an ultimate conception that will include the whole. In morality, they take their own line about such things as contraception, the education of children, the prohibition of books and the rest. And there are quite sufficient priests to serve their needs. If not, one "interprets." The Assumption (already temerarious to deny before actual definition) will likewise be interpreted: the influence of Jung on intellectual Catholicism is becoming more and more deep and widespread.

P. D. TURNER

GREEK CHILDREN

SIR,—We were interested to read of the work done for the 72 Greek children mentioned in Mr. John Barclay's letter.

During the same period of eight to nine months to which he refers, our organisation has been sending relief to Greek prisoners and interners, including many women and their children. Through the kind services of the International Red Cross we have sent no fewer than 108 sacks of clothes and 600 lb. of food. The transport of these supplies to Greece has cost us over £90.

Despite the recent appeal made by 23 eminent British women, including Lady Trevelyan and Dame Elizabeth Cadbury, and an appeal signed by hundreds of members of the Women's Co-operative Guilds, these prisoners, including the women and children—none of whom has ever been charged with any crime—are still detained. Recently, 600 of the women prisoners and children were transferred from the concentration camp on the island of Makronisos to the island of Trikkeri.

We well remember the generous support given by your readers on the occasion of our previous appeal, and we are confident that they will once again send us financial help for these imprisoned children who, unfortunately, through no fault of their own, cannot even spend their childhood in their own homes—still less enjoy convalescence in Britain.

JUDITH WATERLOW,
Hon. Sec.

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Books in General

He was a long, earnest man, and though born on an icy coast, seemed well adapted to endure hot latitudes, his flesh being hard as twice-baked biscuit. Transported to the Indies, his live blood would not boil like bottled ale. . . . Only some thirty arid summers had he seen; those summers had dried up all his physical superfluousness. But this, his thinness, so to speak, seemed no more the token of wasting anxieties and cares, than it seemed the indication of any bodily blight. It was merely the condensation of the man. He was by no means ill-looking; quite the contrary. His pure tight skin was an excellent fit; and closely wrapped up in it, and embalmed with inner health and strength, like a revivified Egyptian, he seemed prepared to endure for long ages to come, and to endure always, as now; for be it Polar snow or torrid sun, like a patent chronometer, his interior vitality was warranted to do well in all climates. Looking into his eyes, you seemed to see there the yet lingering images of those thousand-fold perils he had calmly confronted through life.

That is Melville's description of Starbuck, in *Moby Dick*; it is also Edward Trelawny to the life, as he is revealed to us by innumerable hints illuminating as sketches scribbled on the backs of used envelopes (one of them, by Fanny Kemble, considerably more finished than the others), and even as he appears, old and hard-bitten, in the famous picture by Millais. Hard-bitten he was, from a very early age: we should gather that much, even without the *Adventures of a Younger Son*; for Trelawny was possessed—and it is one of his two great claims on our sympathy—by the savage resolution that seizes very vital people who have suffered in childhood from a lack of love. This is a crucial point, for everything that is unsatisfactory about Trelawny's character can be traced back to it. Miss R. Glynn-Grylls* is not an impartial witness; but even Trelawny's bitterest enemies, such as Mr. Harold Nicolson, would scarcely deny that his father must have been enough to turn any child sour. It is one of the more noticeable tragedies of life that those who have reason to hate their parents end by resembling them. Trelawny certainly became morose, and was at all times conspicuous for a number of startling and absurd prejudices; but, unlike his father, he was never either mean or a bully. A fundamental magnanimity redeems this self-conscious and pathetically theatrical man. A too early loss of innocence did not turn him—as it turns many people—into a devil. For Trelawny was gifted with imagination, not merely the kind which dramatises the self (though he had this too), but the kind which induces disinterested love for what is different from the self. On rare occasions Trelawny was as callous as he habitually pretended to be, but his excessive temperament, where it bore on moral questions, inclined him to hate injustice worse than cruelty. Since he was prodigiously strong and tough, physical violence was to him merely a fact of life, amusing rather than horrible: he saw it as an inevitable part of action, not as the expression of spiritual evil.

Whether we find him a sympathetic or an exasperating and disreputable figure, Trelawny is a puzzling character—and remains one, I'm afraid, after we have read Miss Glynn-Grylls's painstaking book. She assembles all the facts (many of them new) and recounts them well enough; but she refrains from weighing them against each other in such a manner as to produce a conclusive picture of the man's personality. We can hardly complain of her obvious bias in Trelawny's favour: too few writers have even tried to be fair to him; but her advocacy needed more strengthening than can be conferred by the constant use of a vague word like "Celtic," which covers a multitude of sins. And I cannot help thinking that she would have been better advised not to gloss over Trelawny's treatment of his Greek wife, Tersitza, in quite so glib a manner.

Miss Glynn-Grylls's comparative failure to give a clear account *in depth* of so complex a character is the more vexing because there are passages in her book which show that she is capable of a definite analysis. She does not, for instance, miss the importance of Trelawny's encounter with Byron.

> Byron and Trelawny saw in one another the things of which each was secretly ashamed—the swashbuckling heroes in which Byron had only half-believed when he drew them had come to mock their Frankenstein; and Trelawny was impatient with Byron's central lack of direction because it was the weakness to which he himself was prone. . . . Except for courage, which each granted the other, they preferred to disown what they had in common.

There is an important clue here—a clue which connects Trelawny with three later Englishmen, all spiritually akin to him in their adoption of a similar exotic persona: Sir Richard Burton, Wilfrid Blunt, and Lawrence of Arabia. These four extraordinary and highly gifted men failed (in so far as they did fail) for the same reason: in all of them an artist of powerful imagination was at war with a bigoted man of action. Their attitude to art was, therefore, highly ambivalent: they flirted with it, loving and despising it, as, in their different ways, they loved and despised the female sex. Possessed by pride, they could not give themselves wholly to anything. Mary Shelley expressed part of the truth about these extreme creations of the romantic spirit when she complained that Trelawny was "destroyed by *being nothing*"; but I agree with Miss Glynn-Grylls that this is really a misconception. Trelawny attained to being in his whole-hearted love and comprehension of Shelley and Shelley's poetry. This pure and selfless passion justifies an otherwise futile life; it enabled Trelawny to execute one most vivid and truthful book—the best of all contemporary accounts of the subject—the *Recollections of Shelley and Byron*.

Yet the salient impression made on us by the story of Trelawny is one of aimlessness. This is what Mary Shelley perceived, though she expressed it wrongly. It is the tragedy of a talented man whose background meant nothing to him—or worse than nothing, because it had driven him away at an age when roots must be struck through affection or not at all. If his Arabian wife, Zella, had lived—if Shelley had lived—Trelawny's life might have acquired shape and direction. That he himself was aware of this is clear from some heart-broken phrases in a letter to Mary of 1828: ". . . torn away one after another.—I have sought and loved the noble—the gentle and beautiful—and when I find them I link myself to them and rivet them to my heart. . . ." "It was not," adds Miss Glynn-Grylls, "the way to escape being hurt." Those who would have defended his character died and left him to grow old and crusty, despised as a ruffian and a liar to boot.

As regards the first of these epithets, I think it must be admitted that mid-Victorian England had some reason to look askance at Trelawny. He was gruff; he could be violently rude; he was dirty. Byron had complained, in a famous sneer, that Trelawny neglected to wash his hands. On her last visit to him, when he was a very old man, his faithful friend, Augusta White, was shocked by his refusal to wear socks. It seems beside the point to accuse such a man of eccentricity; but would it have been possible not to be astonished when he was seen spending a whole afternoon standing in a lake in somebody's park, up to his neck in water, reading a book? And as for his sexual goings-on—his inability to do either with or without women—the contemporary view is perhaps best summed up in the dry words of Robert Browning, writing to Isa Blagden in 1869: "The Trelawnys are problematical to me. He has so many wives and daughters—the last he married I fancied had been the Baronet's wife whose divorce he caused. He lives with a niece, I suppose she is *that*, but won't swear."

We have no difficulty in believing Miss Glynn-Grylls's assertion that children loved the old man. We may also have more than a suspicion that the adults with whom he consented to be on friendly terms sometimes found him a bit of a bore—especially when one of his prejudices was aroused and he embarked on the iniquity of the Catholic church or of the medical profession, or on the futility of toothbrushes.

So much for "ruffian." As for "liar," the accusation is founded chiefly on that amazing book, the *Adventures*; and here again it must be admitted that Trelawny's obvious scorn for accuracy of detail, and the bizarre combination of forthright narrative style with slovenly syntax and conventional melodrama, is indeed disconcerting to those (like Miss Glynn-Grylls) who are disposed to credit the book with being substantially true. Yet the brilliant sense of character, which makes the *Recollections* convincing as well as vivid, in the *Adventures* keeps shining through the scudding cloud-wrack of Prep-school romanticism. The candid Aston the pirate De Ruyter, and above all the sadistic Dutch surgeon, Van Scolpvelt, are picturesquely seen, but scarcely too good to be true.

> [Van Scolpvelt] was in animated discussion with De Ruyter as they returned to where I stood, with his hand extended, of which he was somewhat vain. It was long and narrow,

* *Trelawney*. By R. Glynn-Grylls. *Constable*. 21s.

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September 4

JONATHAN CAPE

like the claw of a bird of prey, so utterly devoid of flesh, that on meeting him at night with a candle shaded between his palms, the light shone so clearly through them that I asked him to let me have the loan of the signal lanthorn he was carrying. "For," as he said, "where a ball goes there I can follow it," stretching out a long ghastly finger, adorned with the only ornament he wore, a huge silver-mounted, antique, carbuncle ring, embossed with cabalistic characters.

On other occasions, when Trelawny has not bothered to "heighten" his narrative, the single indubitable detail puts us in possession of a memory almost painfully accurate.

> Cups, saucerless and chipped, a handleless tea-pot, a piece of salt butter wrapped in brown paper, sugar on a broken plate, and soddened buttered toast, half eaten, and tooth-marked, were scattered about, with fat of ham and sausage.

The early chapters of the *Adventures*, from which that last sentence is taken, have a touching poignancy, for in them Trelawny recaptures the tension, the dismay, the confusion of feeling, and the absolute courage, which had driven the boy of thirteen to take his life into his own hands. At the same time, I think, those chapters adumbrate the writer Trelawny might have become, if his restless nature (call it weakness of character, if you will) had not flung him hither and thither until life was over before he had had time to realise what it was all about. As it was, the books he did write were but improvisations, careless and desperately commital. But the signs are there: only the eye of a born artist would have noticed the brown paper and the bitten-into pieces of toast. EDWARD SACKVILLE-WEST

EPITAPH

Stavro's dead. A truant vine
Grows out of him at either end
Like muscles through the trunk and spine
For wine was Stavro's closest friend.

Up through the barrel of the chest
To scatter on his polished dome
A vine-leaf from the poet's crown.
The pint-pot was his only home.

Out of this confusing paste
The best of us are only made,
Sleep and sloth and wine were his
Who drank and drank and never paid.

Beauty vomit truth and waste
Somehow joined to give him grace
Who clasped the sky's blue demijohn
Drunk, in a drowning man's embrace.

Silenus of these olive-groves
He broached a wine-dark universe
And tasted on the crater's brim
Mother lover hearth and nurse.

The vulgar grape his earthly task:
Wine was a cradle, muse and guide,
Till body like some leather flask
Matured a laughing sun inside.

His bounty was life's usufruct:
Such lips to lay at nature's breast
With earth below and sky above,
Till tapsters lay us all to rest.

Stained tablecloths for epitaphs!
Set us full glasses nose to nose!
Good drunkards, pledge him with your laughs
Before the city's taverns close.

LAWRENCE DURRELL

THE GIANT IS AWAKE

China Shakes the World. By JACK BELDEN. *Gollancz. 21s.*

This is the story of a revolution in terms of the people who made it: the Wangs, the Changs and the Lius who fought and suffered and won. The author is not a Communist. His approach is personal, not dialectical. But he understands the forces which were involved in this "cataclysmic change" in Chinese history and he is familiar with the country and with its language.

Few people foresaw the dramatic turnabout in the civil war; the Communists themselves, whilst convinced of their ultimate success, did not envisage so quick a victory. Even given the conflict in Chinese society produced by Western penetration; given the defeat of Japan and the weakening of imperialism in the Far East, these factors do not alone explain "why the Communists were victorious over Chiang Kai-shek at this moment in world history."

> Without wishing to give psychological elements any more weight than they deserve [Jack Belden writes] it is nevertheless impossible to avoid the conclusion that China's dictator was defeated when he was because of the swift and intense changes which took place in the feelings of a decisive portion of the Chinese people between 1945 and 1949.

Gone were the days of Confucian servility and Taoist fatalism. A dynasty ended, as dynasties have ended before in Chinese history, in the uprising of the peasant masses. But the end of the Soong dynasty was more explosive and more purposeful.

The Civil war and revolution were more than an emotional release; they also expressed the need for a new society. *China Shakes the World* is largely the story of villages which "turned over" to the Communists, of families and individuals who were transformed by a propaganda which was suited to their own lives. Mr. Belden had a great gift for winning the confidence of peasants, students and casual acquaintances he made jogging along through interminable hours across the North China plain; of intellectuals who had become guerillas and of girls and young women whose role in Chinese society had been that of "slaves, private property, labour powers and producers of sons for the ruling classes." They are moving stories, often beautiful in their simplicity and their revelation of human feelings released by revolution.

They were often violent and primitive, especially perhaps among the Chinese women, for theirs was the most striking emancipation. The story of Gold Flower is symbolic. Betrothed to an unknown man when she was 15, she lived the emotionally disastrous life of many Chinese women until the 8th Route Army came to her village. For the first time in her life she heard a woman speak in public; a voice which sounded like a trumpet spoke of the struggle against in-laws who oppressed daughters-in-law, of the need to fight parents who opposed freedom of marriage and of the Communists who stood for the equality of women. "That's right," she replied. "Ah, that's right," she said over and over again as she listened to this woman who seemed to speak directly to her heart.

This Chinese peasant woman had found a faith, and with religious intensity she began to work among the women in the village. She made up her mind that the old society should never come back, and we take leave of her speaking to them in phrases that sound such dangerous madness to Senator McCarthy but such good sense to the women of China. "Comrade sisters," she said,

> We have been released by the Communist Party and the 8th Route Army! This is our day! We must produce grain for the armies to fight Chiang Kai-shek and the Nationalist troops. We must oppose America, which is helping Chiang to fight the Liberated Areas. Go home and make your husbands participate in the 8th Route Army.

Such was the catalytic power of the Communists in the villages of China. Looked at individually, such emotions may seem fanatical. But the leaders of the Communist Party were men with constructive ideas who understood how to canalise these energies of men and women. They were directed primarily to solving the land question. Mao Tse-tung had often said that the party that could do this would rule China. He believed that if the Communist policy on land was right, they would definitely win the war. He was correct, and as "a revolutionary and military tactic" it was "almost beyond compare." To which must be added the extremely important point that it "also sucked the people away from Chiang Kai-shek's army and left it gasping for breath in a social vacuum."

How completely the Americans failed to understand this basic reason for the Communists' success against the modern equipped armies of Chiang Kai-shek and his American military advisers! In 1946 one American business man, looking at this seemingly modern Kuomintang army, wrote: "The Commies don't have a chance. The war will be over in a few weeks"; while Kuomintang generals said "The Communists are babies; they don't know how to fight." And American publications expressing their wish-fulfilment echoed these sentiments, deceiving themselves and deceiving the world.

It needed no Communist propaganda to convince the pragmatic Chinese mind that America must be an enemy. The Chinese peasants, seeing the flow of dollars and military supplies to Chiang Kai-shek in 1946, instinctively scrawled such slogans on their whitewashed walls as "We did not become slaves of the Japanese militarists; we shall not become slaves of American imperialists." Friendly children shrieked after Jack Belden "American reactionary, see you again." A Chinese farmer asked him whether the Americans had liberty, if they had democracy like that of the Liberated Areas. "If you have democracy, why do you help Chiang Kai-shek?" was a profound question.

Meanwhile the American people were deliberately kept in ignorance of the genuine enthusiasm with which the Chinese peasants and intellectuals threw in their lot with the Communists. Mr. Belden sent back dispatches describing the turnover of village after village and the equally dramatic and decisive change-over of generals and their armies from Chiang Kai-shek to the Communists. "Excellent," "Your best," wrote back his editors, but "in the midst of the artificially created atmosphere hysteria in the United States the publisher stepped in, cancelled the articles and declared that 'I identified myself with mob rule.'"

Was this "liberty" in "the land of the free?" he asked himself, and the last section of *China Shakes the World* is an analysis of the Western concepts of power, property and liberty as applied to the Chinese Revolution. Chinese Communists, he points out, have never confused the power of the people with the liberty of the people. "Whether a 'people's dictatorship' based on the social right instead of the individual right, will bring the Chinese people more happiness than they had before is a question best left to history," he says, but one thing is perfectly clear: "the Communists' doctrine of the 'common people' is going to result in an entirely different solution of the problem of liberty than that reached in the West." They are determined "to make the social right supreme over the individual right."

Many books will be written about the Chinese Revolution. No eye-witness account is likely to surpass this. The author (an American) has that rare combination—personal integrity, an open mind, a political understanding and an intimacy with the country. Such a book is needed to-day, not least of all among the author's own countrymen. DOROTHY WOODMAN

PRINTING DISPUTE
The attention of readers is directed to the note appearing on the second page of this issue

THE SPIDER'S FRIEND

The Spider. By JOHN CROMPTON. *Collins.* 10s. 6d.

A horror of insects, and in particular of spiders (which are not, strictly speaking, insects at all, but let that pass) is very general; but it can be cured; and Mr. John Crompton will have done many people a kindness by arousing that fascinated interest which casts out fear. Indeed, he makes out an excellent case for the spider as one of the chief friends of man, more serviceable than either dog or horse; and even goes so far as to maintain that if it were not for the spider, human life on this insect-ridden planet would be impossible.

This thesis he supports with statistics so startling that they take one's breath away, and leave one wondering what sort of census can have arrived at them, and how.

> An insect weighs very little; indeed to our senses it weighs nothing at all, yet the *weight* of this insect host that spiders destroy every year exceeds the weight of the human population, including of course the inhabitants of London, Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham and the rest.

I believe it, having been a confirmed friend to spiders for many years; but I should like to know how the insect population is weighed, and by whom. Still, I will not cavil at Mr. Crompton, who can no doubt produce chapter and verse when cornered; and I hope that his entertaining book will do much to bring even the hostile housewife round to the spider's point of view.

I first became partial to spiders one summer in the west of Ireland, when a particularly handsome specimen, big as a bumble bee, plump, glossy and marked like a tortoiseshell cat, spun an enormous web in the frame of my bedroom window, and every evening I saw her dealing with the steady stream of midges and flies which would otherwise have got in. This in itself was a recommendation to a fly-hater, but the web itself was a thing of marvellous beauty; intricate, perfect, and astonishingly large; and I began to resent the officiousness of the charwoman, who every morning briskly destroyed this masterpiece. The spider must have been discouraged, but she had found a fine position for her net across a busy current of air, and she refused to leave it. Every evening, as soon as the sun had set, she began again, spinning her scaffolding from point to point and filling it in with hours of patient work.

I took this spider under my personal protection, and soon she was catching more game than she could eat. I discovered, however, that she wasted nothing, and was wrapping up all the surplus flies in bands of silk, like little transparent parcels, and hanging them from her ceiling in the corner of the window, where they looked like rows of hams in a prosperous larder. Soon I was catching flies for her myself, for the pleasure of seeing her run out from her corner along the tight-rope which communicated with the web, to see what I had brought. If I tested her by giving her something large and active, like a grass-hopper, she was not dismayed, but used thicker or thinner bands as the occasion demanded, showing all the dodging skill of a good boxer. I never thought of offering her food in my fingers, as Mr. Crompton has apparently done with success; I wish I had, for she seemed extraordinarily tame. My chief regret in leaving that house was in parting from my spider.

I soon, however, found another which rewarded my interest with an incomparable performance. This one was small, and of the most exquisite light green: I discovered her on a rose bush in my garden in Hampshire. Enchanted by her colour, I brought her into the house, and put her on a cactus plant in a sunny window, where I could see her better. She settled down without complaint, and it soon became apparent that she was pregnant. She wove a little silk globule between two fleshy leaves, and laid her eggs in it; and then sat devotedly on the pill for more than two months, apparently without eating. One day, to my delight, the eggs hatched, a horde of microscopic spiders trooping out on to the plant; and one hot and cloudless morning I had the rare experience of seeing them float slowly upwards and out of the window, each holding fast to a shining gossamer thread. Very soon after this the mother died, being found shrunken and papery between two leaves, her task finished.

Mr. Crompton, who has studied spiders both at home and abroad, has many fascinating stories to tell; tales of such drama and surprise that I feel sure that many spiders who would otherwise have perished by the broom will now be saved, for the sake of the interest they will afford to grateful readers. (A watchmaker's lens, worn in the eye, is apparently the thing for seeing spiders at work; without it the finer points of web construction are too delicate to be appreciated.) I particularly like the story of the huge tropical specimen which arrived in this country in a crate of bananas, and instead of being stamped to death at the docks (the usual fate of such emigrés) was caught and conveyed alive to the Natural History Museum. Here, in the Arachnida department at South Kensington, she lived amicably with the museum staff for fourteen years, coming when called and feeding out of their hands. She was judged to be about six years old when she arrived, so must have been nearly twenty-five when she died of cold during the war, a victim of the fuel shortage. It is reassuring to learn, by the way, that the bites of tropical spiders, even the tarantula, do little harm; their deadly qualities are chiefly legend, and even the Black Widow is not as black as she is painted.

If I have a quarrel with Mr. Crompton it is that, in his laudable desire to interest a hostile or apathetic public in the spider, he has been tempted to represent the insect world as being a perfect scream from start to finish. He strains every nerve to be funny, so that in the end one almost suspects him of stretching the facts to raise a laugh. This is deplorable. The spider's world, so grim, so strange, so infinitely more ancient than our own, is exciting enough to read about, without our being perpetually prodded in the ribs. Mr. Crompton's style is deliberately informal and discursive, and very easy to read; it is spoiled by this determined facetiousness, which did not mar his earlier book, *The Hunting Wasp*, to anything like the same extent. Still, it is a highly entertaining book, and I hope Mr. Crompton means to make many more contributions to popular entomology.

MARGARET LANE

IDEAL WORLDS

The Romantic Imagination. By C. M. BOWRA. *Oxford University Press.* 18s.

In his book on the Symbolists Professor Bowra has already dealt with one aspect of a dominant trend in modern poetry, the rediscovery of certain non-rational modes of knowledge. In the present series of essays he goes back to the source of all subsequent non-rational poetic thought, and attempts to define what the romantic poets understood by the word Imagination. All the romantic poets had in common some sort of belief in an ideal world, which as poets they sought to uncover; but on the nature of this ideal world they held various views. Professor Bowra justly points out that without his early belief in some kind of reincarnation of souls, as expressed in his great Ode, Wordsworth's theory of imagination is maimed; Coleridge and Blake both regarded the imagination as the creative principle and "esemplastic power" that resides in man himself, and that alone lays form and outline on the chaos of sensory perception. In this sense both poets called imagination the "divine humanity," the divine presence operating in man himself. Poe's other world beyond the grave is, on the other hand, a mere vulgar parody of Coleridge's or Blake's essentially religious view of the world of the archetypes, a systematic misinterpretation of Coleridge's theory and practice. Byron is not, Professor Bowra concludes, a romantic, for he did not share Shelley's or Coleridge's views of the imagination and was content—or discontent—like the poets of the eighteenth century, to find his experiences at the level of manners, not myths. Professor Bowra places both the Rosettis with the Romantics.

Dante Gabriel Rosetti—a greatly underrated poet, surely, of mature and rare sensibility—is a romantic by virtue of his belief in the existence of an ideal world that he sought to discover through beautiful things and through love. Christina Rosetti's religious orthodoxy was certainly the very antithesis of Blake's or Coleridge's conception of an archetypal kingdom of heaven to which the imagination alone gives access; it seems to me that Professor Bowra, failing to see the religious implications of the romantic conception of the imagination, overpraises her for the very thing in which, as a poet, she fell short of Blake, the only writer in this volume worth taking seriously on the subject of Christianity. At the other extreme, Swinburne reduced the romantic search for an ideal world to the aesthetic fallacy that there is a "pure" poetry (aspiring to the condition of music) that can be distilled and separated from meaning and passion.

Perhaps it is impossible at the present time to write a book on the imagination without reference to contemporary psychological theory. Thus, Professor Bowra very truly describes *The Ancient Mariner* as a myth, but he then seems to contradict this affirmation by saying that Coleridge, in common with the other romantics, may be blamed for writing poetry of too personal a kind. This begs the question of what myth is, and readers of Professor Bowra may well feel that his view is inadequate. Introspection is a personal thing only at the more superficial levels, and Blake's *Prophetic Books*, the *Ancient Mariner*, *Prometheus Unbound*, and the best of Keats, deal in those universal symbols which are the basis of all pantheons. In limiting his discussion of Blake to the *Songs*, Professor Bowra has avoided what is perhaps the main issue of romantic poetry, the immense scale on which this myth-making was taking place. Such an activity—in which Coleridge, Blake and Shelley were all actively engaged—cannot, surely, be called individualist in any significant sense, since the symbols these poets looked for within themselves were universal, common to all men, and fraught with the deepest significance.

Professor Bowra sums up the situation by saying that "If a society has ever existed which is completely content with what it has and asks for nothing else, it would not need such comfort as the Romantics have to offer." Perfectly true; but does not such a summing-up sidestep too easily the whole question of the nature of man, the inescapable and universal fact of a division between the conscious and the unconscious parts of his total being? Is not the "other world" of the romantic poets, in truth, man's unconscious, that in various ways and in various degrees they sought to bring to light? Where Rochester and Pope more or less bitterly accepted man's sense of incompleteness, Blake and the rest leaped into the void in order to discover those lost continents, and "comfort" is surely too weak a word for an undertaking that is something much more in the nature of an organic necessity. The state of content that Professor Bowra postulates is not, surely, compatible with the nature of man.

It is unfortunate that "romantic" immediately summons up the features of Byron (romantic in a different sense) and the verses of Keats, who did little more than absorb the intellectual climate of Coleridge, without any profound grasp of the firm metaphysical basis upon which Coleridge built up the most profound theory of poetry that has ever been expounded. Coleridge, and Shelley too, had a strong vein of scientific speculation in his make-up; Blake, as a psychologist, was a century in advance of his time. Surely the scientists of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, much more than the lazy-minded Victorian poets, are their successors in the field of original and courageous speculation.

My criticism of Professor Bowra's book—that I do not see how the question of the imagination can be adequately discussed in purely literary terms, without reference to contemporary psychological theory—may seem a little beside the point, and I do not wish to press it unduly; for Professor Bowra certainly does increase our appreciation of each of the poems, or poets, that he discusses. He does well to particularise his discussions, and to confine himself, as a rule, to some single poem that he examines in detail; *The Ancient Mariner* as a myth of guilt and redemption; the *Intimations of Immortality* as the account of Wordsworth's unresolved problem of the loss of vision; and—most interesting of all perhaps—an analysis of the differences between the figures in Keat's *Grecian Urn* and the original designs that probably suggested the poem. It is Professor Bowra's special gift as a critic that he is able to assess the work of minor poets, like Poe or Swinburne, and, without exaggerating their stature, to succeed in bringing out the full value of their achievement, making us more interested in their poetry than we were before. That a critic should have made even one reader momentarily feel disposed to re-read *Atalanta in Calydon* is a sufficient justification, surely, of his office. I myself found the essays on the minor figures—Poe, Rosetti, and Swinburne—the most interesting; for the final words on Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Blake can, indeed, never be written.

Unlike Mr. Herbert Read whose speculations, in the tradition of Coleridge, are often more interesting than the particular works of art to which he applies them, Professor Bowra succeeds in making the particular works interesting, even when his answers to the major questions that arise are not wholly satisfying. Why indeed should they be so? It is sufficient that Professor Bowra asks the right questions and his answers must be regarded as provisional; useful scaffolding erected around work in progress on one of the vital issues of contemporary thought. KATHLEEN RAINE

MAX PLANCK

A Scientific Autobiography and Other Papers. By MAX PLANCK, translated by F. GAYNOR. *Williams & Norgate.* 8s. 6d.

In October 1947 there died in Germany, at the age of nearly ninety, one of the greatest men of our time: Max Planck, the originator of the quantum theory. His original papers, communicated to the German Physical Society in October and December 1900 mark a new era in the theory of Physics. There can be little doubt that in the long run the ideas of the quantum theory rather than those of relativity will be regarded as the essential departure from "classical" physics. Planck indeed did not dominate the later developments of the quantum theory as Einstein has continued to do those of relativity, but Planck's first idea owed less to his precursors than is usual with great discoveries and for some years he was almost the only worker in the field. For the non-physicist it may be as well to state that Planck's discovery was that a quantity called "action," which is mathematically related to the energy or to the momentum of a moving body, always changes by steps or "quanta" of fixed and equal amounts and does not vary continuously as one would expect from ordinary observation. The steps are of course very small, otherwise they would not have had to wait so long for discovery, but in cases, such as the emission of light (which was that originally considered by Planck) in which atoms act individually, these discrete steps make a great deal of difference, because the action associated with a single atom is so small anyhow. The development of the theory leads inevitably to the conclusion that laws of Nature are not the hard clear-cut inexorable rules that they had seemed from the days of Newton till then, but that a certain degree of uncertainty must be attributed if not to the laws themselves, at least to their application to all particular cases.

Planck was a man of outstanding character whom no one could meet without respecting, and few knew well without affection. In his old age he had the courage to obtain an interview with Hitler and protest to him against the treatment of Jewish scientists—of course without effect. His name has worthily been given to the scientific organisation in Western Germany which has replaced the old Kaiser Wilhelm Gesellschaft.

The Scientific Autobiography, which gives its title to the book, only occupies some forty pages. The remainder of the book is taken up by a short memorial address delivered at Planck's funeral by M. von Lane, his pupil and colleague, and by four essays on philosophical problems viewed in the light of Modern physics including freewill, causality, the meaning and limits of exact science and the relation between religion and natural science.

The actual autobiography will chiefly be of interest to physicists and requires some acquaintance with that subject to be intelligible. Physicists will be interested in the light thrown on the personalities of several well-known German physicists and in the way in which Planck, having been guided to the discovery of a formula which fitted certain experiments, was forced by the logic of facts to accept theoretical consequences which conflicted with his natural habit of mind; one such among these was the importance of atomicity.

Planck's philosophy is based on a firm belief in the existence of an outside world, corresponding to sensory experience though not logically deducible from it. He treats the Positivist approach to knowledge with respect, but refuses to accept the view that the laws and concepts of science are purely the creations of the minds of scientists and have no real existence. He considers how the succession of scientific theories may be regarded as a gradual approximation to an external reality. Whatever may be the technical tenable philosophical positions, and the exact sense in which it may be permissible to speak of an external reality, it is nearly impossible for a man to regard as pure creations of his brain views of nature forced on him against his will by the unexpected results of his experiments.

Planck had this experience, and perhaps only those who were active in Physics during the decade after World War I when the implications of the quantum theory were becoming distressingly obvious, can realise the sense of external compulsion under which we laboured. Whatever the metaphysicians may say, the quantum theory in its modern form was forced on physicists, not invented by them. This is not to say that it is the final truth, that alternatives, and perhaps better alternatives, may not exist, but that the solution came by forming concepts very repugnant to the minds of those who in the first place made them.

Some believe that the quantum theory has made a belief in causality impossible, since in principle all that can be predicted as the consequence of setting in motion a specified system is a probability not a certainty, though the probability is often so large as to be a practical certainty. Planck tries to save as much of causality as possible, and is able to point out certain limited ways in which it may still be said to hold, but cannot give an entirely satisfactory system, and is obliged to leave the question for the future to decide. His study is the more valuable as his obvious predilection is for the conservative view, and the very profound modifications in the idea of causality to which he is led show how much the new knowledge has affected this fundamental conception.

Planck was above all a man of lofty ideas, who looked on a life of science much as a father of the Church might have looked at the study of theology. It is partly this that makes him so insistent on external reality. His essay on the relation of science and religion is perhaps the ablest, and certainly the most moving in the book. While rejecting miracles he attaches importance to religious symbolism. Yet the symbol "never represents an absolute value, but is always only a more or less imperfect sign of something higher." Failure to realise this has caused an infinity of woe and suffering. To Planck the gradual approach to apprehension of the real world independent of us—a world which we can however never recognise directly—by the successive improvements in physical theories, is parallel to the gradual approach to the Deity by palpable symbols. Yet there is the difference that God can be directly experienced by the believer while to the scientist he is the crown of a long intellectual process. This corresponds to the different roles of religion and science in human life. Natural science wants man to learn, religion wants him to act. For Planck they are allies in the battle for the good.

G. S. THOMSON

THE VICTORIANS ONCE MORE

The Reinterpretation of Victorian Literature. Edited by JOSEPH E. BAKER. *Princeton University Press (Cumberlege).* 24s.

The contributors to this symposium are learned without pedantry, combine urbanity with enthusiasm, and show a proper respect, which most of them also express in practice, for the art of good writing. Necessarily, many of the essays are compilations bibliographical in origin, packed with information—for instance, Professor Knickerbocker's "Victorian Education and the Idea of Culture," and Professor Dodds's "New Territories in Victorian Biography"—and valuable because of that; yet, one feels, essentially skeletons of longer works. Three of the essays, however, are quite first-rate pieces of literary criticism: Professor Bradford A. Booth's "Form and Technique in the Novel," an admirable defence of fiction as the Victorians practised it; the late Professor Harrold's "The Oxford Movement: A Reconsideration"; and—an essay that cries out to be quoted, because of its freshness and originality—Dr. Norman Foerster's fascinating "The Critical Study of the Victorian Age."

Yet the book is alarming in its fundamental assumptions:

> I know of no body of literature, except perhaps that of Ancient Athens, so well adapted as the Victorian to giving the modern American—student or layman—a lively understanding of what we mean by a civilised society, or for raising into his own consciousness those remnants of civilised tradition which have been shouted down but not yet obliterated by contemporary ballyhoo.

Thus Professor Baker, the editor of the book, in his essay "Our New Hellenic Renaissance"; and again:

> So numerous are the similarities that we must recognise the real parallel between nineteenth-century England and fifth-century Athens.

"The Real Parallel." Doubtless there were parallels between Gladstone's and Disraeli's England and the Athens of Pericles, but we are talking of civilisation, which is something else besides great literature. To see what that something is, which Athens had and nineteenth-century England had not, there's no need to go to Birmingham, the most purely nineteenth-century of all our cities. Bristol, still the most pleasant industrial town in England, will do. One has only to stand on the hill above the University and look, down and across, first at Georgian Bristol and Clifton, which must have been almost as superb in their day as Bath, and then at Victorian Bristol behind, to see what the nineteenth century made of its heritage. However civilised the Victorians were in many admirable ways, in others, in ways that Athens was above all distinguished, they were quite simply barbarians.

Fundamental to this book, then, is a current of idealisation. It is right to protest, as these writers do time and again, against the vulgar connotation of the word "Victorian" as synonymous with smugness and hypocrisy (though it should be remembered that if these are the qualities we

often find in the age we were first shown them by Victorians like Butler and Shaw and Wilde); to see the age as a kind of golden age is quite another matter. The writers in this book are much too learned and too sensible to go as far as that, yet even in the best of these essays one smells the danger. "America is to-day where England was in the days of Carlyle and Arnold," says one of these writers, and the notion seems to me implicit in the book as a whole. In as far as this is true, it is a truism. But one has the sense, throughout this book, of an attempt to make Victorian England, its institutions and literature, a model for the United States to-day, at least to see it the great good place from which guidance and patterns of living may be derived. This is, indeed, part of the book's interest. Yet the idea that the literature of Victorian England can represent a "usable past" for contemporary America is surely very dubious indeed. It is significant that the book contains no reinterpretation of Victorian poetry.

WALTER ALLEN

CLAY MODEL

Decision in Germany. By GENERAL LUCIUS D. CLAY. *Heinemann.* 21s.

In a long book heavily weighted with details, some of which have lost, by now, most of their interest to the average reader, General Clay sets out to tell the story of what was at once a tragic international failure and, for him, a considerable personal success. When the quadripartite control of Germany broke down—the result less of differences between the men on the spot than of East-West cleavage on a higher, political level—Clay devoted his energies without stint to the task of shaping a Western German State in accordance with his own fixed ideas. There is no reason to suppose that he is dissatisfied with the lines of the model in which his creation has set.

This *compte rendu* falls into two sharply divided phases. There is, first, the period from July, 1945, when the advance party of U.S. Military Government entered the ruins of Berlin, to December, 1947, when the London Conference of the four Foreign Ministers began its stormy and abortive sessions. In those two and a half years, the inter-Allied Control Council had functioned with increasing friction—deep suspicion on the Russian side that the West was determined to rewrite the Potsdam Agreement, growing apprehension among the Americans and British that the Soviet aim was aggressive "infiltration"; but the chances of co-operation had not completely vanished, nor had the conception of a politically unified, democratic Germany been irrevocably abandoned. It was at the London Conference, which General Clay attended, that the crucial "decision" in relation to Germany was taken; and though the General has little to say of the American attitude behind the scenes at Lancaster House, he admits that "Marshall was determined that the London Conference should cease when it became evident that progress was impossible."

No clear picture has yet been given of the motives which led General Marshall to bring the Conference abruptly to an end. Had he simply "had enough" of Molotov's recriminations—addressed, as they were, less to the negotiators than to a mass audience East of the Rhine? Was the determining factor the insistence by the U.S.S.R. on obtaining out of unified German production a reparations levy which would, in effect, have to be met by U.S. subventions? Or was Marshall determined from the outset to block the unification of Germany—and he must have known that his invitation to Molotov to fuse Eastern Germany in the Bizone was fore-doomed to rejection—primarily because a Western Germany under virtually exclusive American control was essential for the success of the European Recovery Programme and might one day be equally essential for the defence, strategically, of Western Europe? However that may be, General Clay concedes that he returned to Berlin from London knowing "that the end of Control Council government was in sight." From that point onwards the Russians behaved, and were regarded by the Westerners, as open antagonists; and the rest of *Decision in Germany* is an account of the measures taken—the defeat of the Russian blockade by the air lift, currency reform, the reactivation of the Ruhr and the establishment of a Western federal government at Bonn—to build up a West German State which should bar the road to Soviet expansion Westwards.

In carrying out this programme, General Clay reveals how single-minded his purpose was. It never seems to have occurred to him that he was encouraging the re-emergence in Germany of forces whose notions of "democracy" were repugnant to a great majority in Britain, or even that French hesitations (in overcoming which he claims to have had useful support from M. Schuman) had a basis in bitter experience. He had no hesitation in withholding, until after a crucial congress of the Social-Democratic Party, a despatch from the Western Foreign Ministers which might have assisted Herr Schumacher in his campaign to have finance centred in the federal government as a precondition of steps towards socialisation. To General Clay, the Christian Democrats were the obvious agents in a "reliable" Germany; and Dr. Adenauer had "ability and intelligence"; above all, "he supports private enterprise."

There the author of *Decision in Germany* leaves the problem. Claiming, not without justice, that he played a significant part in the establishment of a Western Germany which, from a strictly capitalist standpoint, is "progressing," he expresses the view that sixty-five million people cannot be kept separated over the years against their will. One may agree; but it is still open to question whether the Rightward trend which Clay fostered in the West is calculated—any more than the rigid sovietisation of the East—to facilitate ultimate fusion without conflict. When a Military Governor to whose blessing the big Ruhr industrialists owe their new lease of economic power proclaims that the "democratic procedures" he inaugurated at Bonn will instill in Germany a love of peace and freedom, he is guilty of a monumental *naïveté*.

AYLMER VALLANCE

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,072

Set by Hunter Diack

In *Plain Words* Sir Ernest Gowers quotes a description of a cow by a child of ten. Here is part of the original:

> The Cow is a mammal. It has six sides—right, left, an upper and below. At the back it has a tail on which hangs a brush. With this it sends the flies away so that they do not fall into the milk. The head is for the purpose of growing horns and so that the mouth can be somewhere . . . Under the cow hangs the milk. It is arranged for milking . . . The cow does not eat much, but what it eats it eats twice, so that it gets enough. When it is hungry it moos, and when it says nothing it is because its inside is all full up with grass.

Competitors are asked to send similar descriptions of one of the following: a cartoonist, a barrow-boy, a contact man, a film director, a prima donna, a dramatic critic. Limit 200 words. Entries by Sept. 12.

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RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,069

Set by Naomi Lewis

The usual prizes are offered for an Incautionary Tale in 12 Lines of Verse, Warning Readers against

One of the Following: Obedience, Punctuality, Truthfulness, Literary Ambitions, Originality, Ingenuousness, Scrupulousness, Zeal, *Angst*.

Report by Naomi Lewis

Harriet obedience never learnt.
What fun she had before she burnt!

concludes D. L. L. Clarke. To a setter conditioned by a conservative education, the Zeal shown by competitors in their iconoclastic task was unnerving. For the sake of readers who, however, are still able to benefit, as many warnings as possible are printed, each Amoralist receiving 14s. The entries of Pauline Willis, G. J. Blundell, Stanley Sharpless, H. A. C. Evans, Douglas Hawson and J. E. Dewhurst are also commended.

Truth like a one-track railroad led
To nemesis when Georgie wed.
" To love, to honour, to obey . . . "
The candid bride responded, " Nay,
Love's a shy visitant, oft missing,
Honour too cold for our lips' kissing,
While for obedience—now, I beg,
The boot is on the other leg."
Still single, Georgie now advises
A leading group of advertisers,
To whom, for modest fee, she'll sell
Home-truths their best friends blush to tell.

ISABEL FINLAYSON

I have to tell you, with dismay,
Of Constance Pie, who *would* obey.
At school, when other girls and boys
Were told to tidy up their toys,
They said, " We won't," and stamped their feet,
But Constance made her desk look neat.
The teacher watched her very hard,
Then went and fetched her Record Card.
She wrote: " More therapeutic play,"
And gave her water, sand and clay.
Now Constance may not do her sums
She sits and frowns and sucks her thumbs.

(MISS) BARBARA RAPAPORT

The chief defect of Terence Tait
Was making Other People late
By the Excessive Zeal which he
Displayed in Punctuality.

Though his Extreme Exactitude
Had made him quite as Rich as Rude,
He was not Popular; and none
Were sorry when, aged eighty-one,
In rushing to a meeting, he
Came Dead on Time—quite literally.

It was High Time for Terence Tait
To be, his Heirs considered, late.

GRAEME WILSON

George Washington was one of those
Unpleasant youths whose righteous pose
Was made the more Offensive by
An Inability to Lie:
He couldn't help confessing he
Chopped down his Father's cherry-tree.

His Father soundly flogged the Youth
Not for the Damage but the Truth,
Believing—as the facts implied—
That George had something worse to hide.

George never told the Truth again
And was a much-loved Citizen.

SALLY OWEN

Young Adam was a kindly lad;
One vice, and one alone, he had,
Which was a tendency to do
The things his elders told him to.

" World peace," they said, " should follow from
" The dropping of an atom bomb,
" Which only cranks and fools forbid;
" So go and drop one." And he did.

Observe the inexpedience
Of indiscreet obedience,
With which conclusion none will quarrel
Should any live to draw the moral.

A. M. SAYERS

This is the Tale of Ambrose Peel,
Who overworked his Vein of Zeal.
A Civil Servant, somehow he
(A sheltered Child) contrived to be
Unconscious (dangerous Condition!)
Of Whitehall's languorous Tradition.
So far from knowing What was What,
He dealt with matters on the Spot!
His masters, when he was exposed,
Found several ancient Issues closed!
His Fate should warn 'gainst Zealotry:
He now takes round the cups of tea.

EDWARD BLISHEN

When parson sang *Magnificat*,
His people said, " Enough of that—
For upside's up and downside's down,
And birth determines true renown."

When parson blessed the humble poor,
Pink sheep turned white and true blues bluer,
While Independents, prayers unsaid,
Accused their priest of going Red.

Now, though he begs for daily bread,
He must make do with crusts instead,
Unfrocked (alas!) by hierarchs
For zeal that overshot the Marx.

JAMES Y. FINLAYSON

This is the tale of Norman Newnes,
Commissioned in the 9th Dragunes,
Who with an Army car one night
Picked up a Daughter of Delight.
Asked to explain, the wretched youth
Next day broke down and Told the Truth.
His C.O. said, " I deeply grieve
That I shall have to stop your leave
For months "—then murmured with a wink,
" My boy, you'll have to learn to Think.
In Service life the quest for beauty
Can always be Combined with Duty."

P.S.—The 9th Dragunes are a purely fictitious regiment.

REV. J. P. STEVENSON

John Francis, for a childish prank
Once made his sister walk the plank,
And spoiled his life by vain regret
That anyone could be so wet.

The circles that he moved amongst
Were not *au fait* with terms like *angst*,
So no one comforted the Kid
Or helped to raise his drooping *id*.

If *you* should feel remorse and shame,
Try calling them this useful name.
It may at least suggest a cure—a
Course of gin and *Angostura*.

P. M.

CHESS: Onward Passed Pawn!

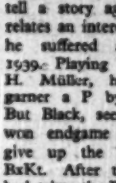
No. 52

There is no adventure in Chess more exhilarating than a combination creating a passed pawn to be piloted safely through all the pit-falls besetting his path. To see so pedestrian a unit as a pawn suddenly taking wings, as it were, seems the very antithesis of frustration. Whatever the psychological cause it certainly gives a thrill to every chessplayer.

Take this position—Stulik-Novak, Prague 1941—Obviously White played BxP, and just as obviously Black did not recapture, as he couldn't permit White this passed pawn, even at the price of his B. Hence he played R-K2, but White played Q-B7 nevertheless, thereby proving that even at the price of the Q this particular passed pawn was a good enough bargain.

In this position (Barmen, 1919) J. Mieses, with a piece up, had a clear win anyway. But the way he procured it is quite instructive.

(1) K-B3	KxP.
(2) KxP	K-K15
(3) BxP!	PxB
(4) P-R5	PxP
(5) P-B5	PxP
(6) P-Q6 etc.	



Kurt Richter who likes to tell a story against himself relates an interesting debacle he suffered at Stuttgart, 1939. Playing White against H. Müller, he hoped to garner a P by Kt-Q8 ch. But Black, seeing a clearly won endgame preferred to give up the exchange by BxKt. After the White K had taken the R, Black simply swapped bishops, and then pushed his QBP, thereby securing an unstoppable passed pawn.

It is one thing to have a passed pawn, but it is quite another to pilot it home. See how simply the problem was solved in this position—Ohms-Carls, Bremen, 1939—Black simply played R-Kt8, and White K could not but take that R on his effective suicide mission—effective, because the White K was now blocking his own rook's only way to stop Black's passed pawn.

Somewhat more elaborately we can see the same idea in this position, played by Alekhine in 1933.

(1) P-Kt4!	R-K5
(2) P-R5	RxKtP
(3) P-R6	R-R5
(4) R-Q8!	KxR
(5) P-R7 etc.	

Had Black played his R to Kt8 on his 3rd move, Alekhine would have simply pushed the P, countering (4) .... R-QR8 by R-QR3!

For this week's competition, there are two studies. White to move and win in each of them. I rate them 5 points each, and I will give no hint except to say that they are both somehow in tune with this week's article, and that neither of them is quite as easy as it may look.

A: Sauvedra, 1895

B: Paul Heulicker, 1930

Usual prizes. Entries by September 11.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set August 12

A: (1) P-Q7, R-Q4. (2) K-K12, K-B7. (3) K-B3, K-Q6. (4) K-B4, K-Q5. (5) R-B7! K-Q6. (6) R-K17, K-Q5. (7) R-R7, R-Q3. (8) K-B5, K-Q4. (9) R-B7, K-Q5. (10) R-B1, K-K6. (11) R-K1 ch, K-B6. (12) R-K7, etc.

B: (1) .....K-K6. (2) R-R3 ch, K-Q5. (3) R-K Kt3, K-K5, etc.

A good many competitors—including some of the best—did not quite see all subtleties of A. The week's prizes shared by Gerald Abrahams, H. Lobbenberg, V. J. A. Russ, Fritiof Selander.

ASSIAC

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Our Classified advertising pages are unavoidably held over this week.

Entered as second-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., Post Office, 1928. Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors by The Cornwall Press Ltd., Paris Garden, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1; Published Weekly at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.